

Lincoln, Abraham

DRAWER 28

Poets

71. 2009, b 85. 05487



Lincoln Poetry

Poets

Abraham Lincoln

Excerpts from newspapers and other
sources

From the files of the
Lincoln Financial Foundation Collection

ATTRIBUTED TO LINCOLN

Joseph McMurray, of 1502 Mag street, sends to the PUBLIC LEDGER clipping, taken years ago from Potte American Monthly. The Monthly editorially:

"We are indebted to R. A. Brock, Esq. corresponding Secretary of the Historical Society of Virginia, for the following valuable contribution, in the letter inclosed, which occurs the following ample vouch for its authenticity:

"It is a copy verbatim et literatim the original lines in my possession, which are written upon blue ruled paper, of size, covering the first three pages, and the final stanza a portion of the fourth page. A facsimile of the first stanza which accompanies this, will be considered a full authentication of the document itself, by those familiar with the autograph of the lamented President, whose trend was so universally deprecated, and whose office it was to steer our national bark through a period as fateful and more trying than were the troublous days of '76, if, indeed, characteristic inter-evidences of thought and expression should fall to convince. But the positive identification lies before me—a letter from a prominent member of the legal profession of this city, who writes: "It is a composition of Mr. Lincoln himself, and wholly written by him, the indorsement on the back (The Bear Hunt) only accepted, and it was sent to me by him.

A wild-bear chase, didst never see?
Then hast thou lived in vain—
Thy richest bump of glorious glee,
Lies desert in thy brain.

When first my father settled here,
'Twas then the frontier line;
The panther's scream filled night with fear,
And bears preyed on the swine.

But wo for Bruin's short-lived fun,
When rose the squealing cry:
Low man and horse, with dog and gun,
For vengeance at him fly.

The sound of danger strikes his ear,
He gives the breeze a snuff;
Away he bounds with little fear,
And seeks the tangled rough.

He press his foes, and reach the ground,
Where's left his half-munched meal;
The dogs, in circles, scent around
And find his fresh-made trail.

With instant cry away they dash,
And men as fast pursue;
O'er logs they leap, through water splash,
And shout the brisk halloo.

Now to elude the eager pack,
Bear shuns the open ground;
Through matted vines he shapes his track
And runs it, round and round.

The tall, fleet cur, with deep-mouthed voice,
Now speeds him as the wind;
While half-grown pup, and short-legged fice
Are yelping far behind.

And fresh recruits are dropping in
To join the merry corps;
With yelp and yell, a mingled din—
The woods are in a roar.

And round and round the chase now goes,
The world's alive with fun;
Nick Carter's horse his rider throws,
And Mose Hill drops his gun.

Now sorely pressed, bear glances back,
And lolls his tired tongue;
When as, to force him from his track,
An ambush on him sprung.

Across the glade he sweeps for flight,
And fully is in view—
The dogs, new-fired by the sight,
Their cry and speed renew.

The foremost ones now reach his rear,
He turns, they dash away;
And circling now the wrathful bear,
They have him full at bay.

At top of speed the horsemen come,
All screaming in a row—
"Whoop! Take him Tiger—seize him Drum—
Bang—bang—the rifles go.

And furious now, the dogs he tears,
And crushes in his ire—
Wheels right and left, and upward rears,
With eyes of burning fire.

But leaden death is at his heart,
Vain all the strength he piles,
And, spouting blood from every part,
He reels, and sinks, and dies.

And now a din some clamor rose,
'Bout who should have his skin;
Who first draws blood, each hunter knows,
This prize must always win.

But who did this, and how to trace
What's true from what's a lie,
Like lawyers in a murder case
They stoutly argify.

Aforesaid fice, of blustering mood,
Behind, and quite forgot,
Just now emerging from the wood,
Arrives upon the spot.

With grinning teeth and upturned hair—
Brim full of epunk and wrath,
He growls and seizes on dead bear,
And shakes for life and death.

And swells as if his skin would tear,
And growls and shakes again;
And swears, as plain as dog can swear,
That he has won the skin.

Conceited whelp! we laugh at thee,
Nor mind, that not a few
Of pompous, two-legged dogs there be,
Conceited quite as you.

Philadelphia Bureau of Press Clippings

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LEDGER.

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FEB 10 1909

CORGER

*Kansas City Journal Feb 12 - 1921***A POEM BY LINCOLN.**

To the Editor of the New York Sun:

Sir—As the public never ceases to take an intense interest in every story relating to Abraham Lincoln, and they are now getting to be scarce, I take pleasure in sending a copy of a poem written by Lincoln upon his return to the neighborhood where he was raised, after an absence of about fifteen years. He said "that part of the country was about as unpoetical as any spot on earth; but still seeing its objects and inhabitants aroused feelings which was certainly poetry, but whether the expression of those feelings is poetry is quite another question." This he wrote to a friend, William Johnson by name, of like poetic tastes.

That Lincoln was able to write poetry is not generally known, and I quote from Oldroyd's "The Poets' Lincoln," this interesting specimen.

CARRIE A. GEHMANN.

My childhood's home I see again,
And sadden with the view;
And still as memory crowds my brain,
There's pleasure in it too.

O Memory! thou midway world
'Twixt earth and paradise,
Where things decayed and loved ones lost
In dreamy shadows rise;

And, freed from all that's earthly vile,
Seem hallowed, pure and bright,
Like scenes in some enchanted isle
All bathed in liquid light.

As dusky mountains please the eye
When twilight chases day;
As bugle-notes that, passing by,
In distance die away;

As leaving some grand waterfall,
We, lingering, list its roar—
So memory will hallow all
We've known but know no more.

Near twenty years have passed away
Since here I bid farewell
To woods and fields, and scenes of play,
And playmates loved so well.

Where many were, but few remain
Of old familiar things;
But seeing them to mind again
The lost and absent brings.

The friends I left that parting day,
How changed, as time has sped;
Young childhood grown, strong manhood gray;
And half of all are dead.

I hear the loved survivors tell
How nought from death could save,
Till every sound appears a knell,
And every spot a grave.

I range the fields with pensive tread,
And pace the hollow rooms,
And feel (companion of the dead)
I'm living in the tombs.

Lincoln, the Hoosier Poet

FEBRUARY 12 is Lincoln's birthday—so it is a fitting time to take note of his fine qualities.

Perhaps no great American has inspired so much poetry as Abraham Lincoln. A great part of the verse about Lincoln expresses the sorrow of the American people over his untimely end.

Lincoln was very fond of poetry and while a youth, he wrote a few stanzas on different subjects. In 1844 while in Indiana, he was inspired to write the following poem:

"My childhood's home I see again,
And sadden with the view;
And still, as memory crowds my brain,
There's pleasure in it too.

"O Memory! thou midway worked
Twixt earth and paradise,
Where things decayed and loved one lost
In dreamy shadows rise,

"And, freed from all that's earthly vile,
Seem hallowed, pure and bright,
Like scenes in some enchanted isle
All bathed in liquid light."*

*Quoted in part.

The poem, "O Captain, My Captain," by Walt Whitman, was a great favorite of Lincoln. He also like "Last Leaf," by Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Lincoln's great contributions to literature were written in prose. He used prose which was ideal for poetry, but he was too practical and logical for his great works to be formed into verse.



Youngest Lincoln Ever Sculptured
by Paulanship.
Stands in the plaza of the Lincoln Life
Insurance Co. Building, Fort Wayne, Indiana.

Facsimile of 'Bear Hunt' Manuscript

Munich, July 1812

"A wild bear chace, dids't never see?
Then hast thou lived in vain—
Thy richest bump of glorious glee,
Is desert in thy brain."

When first my father settled here,
It was then the frontier line.
The panther's scream, fierce night and day,
Had been heard on the river—

"But we for Brum's shot lived fine,
When rose the squealing cry,
Now man and horse with bag and gun
For vengeance at him fly—

A sound of danger strikes his ear,
The gun the bear a snuff;
Away he bounds with little fear,
And seeks the tangle of the bush—

On press his foes, and reach the spot,
Where's left his half-munched meat,
The dogs in circles scent around,
And find his fresh made trail—

With instant cry away they dash,
And men as fast pursue;
On logs they leap, through water splash,
And shout the break halloo—

Facsimile of Lincoln's original manuscript of the opening stanzas of his verses, "The Bear Hunt." Courtesy of the J. Pierpont Morgan library.

A POEM BY LINCOLN, "THE BEAR HUNT"

[Copyright, 1925, in United States, Canada and Great Britain by North American Newspaper Alliance. All rights reserved.]
The full text of a poem of historical interest, written by Abraham Lincoln and called "The Bear Hunt," is given below. It is believed that this has never been printed before. The text is taken from the original manuscript, which is one of the treasures of the J. Pierpont Morgan library in New York. It is given here through the courtesy of the library. When Lincoln turned to the composition of these verses, he was a man of 35, already active in politics. Born in Hardin county, Kentucky, on February 12, 1809, he had removed to Illinois at the age of 21. In 1832 he commanded a company in the Blackhawk War and in 1834 was elected to the Legislature. He was admitted to the bar in 1837, moved to Springfield in 1839, was married in 1842 and was an elector on the Clay ticket in 1844, the period in which his visit to Indiana as a Clay campaigner inspired him to verse.

In referring to "The Bear Hunt," Lincoln mentioned four cantos. It is believed that the fourth was either never written or has been lost. The verses are given here in the original spelling of the manuscript. The "short-legged fice" in the eighth stanza means a spaniel or other pet dog.

THE BEAR HUNT

By Abraham Lincoln

A wild-bear chace, didst never see?

Then hast thou lived in vain—
Thy richest bump of glorious glee,
Lies desert in thy brain.

Then first my father settled here,
'Twas then the frontier line:

The panther's scream, filled night
with fear
And bears preyed on the swine—

But wo for Bruin's short lived fun,

When rose the squealing cry;
Now man and horse, with dog and
gun,

For vengeance, at him fly—

A sound of danger strikes his ear,
He gives the breeze a snuff:
Away he bounds, with little fear,
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On press his foes, and reach the
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Where's left his half-munched
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With instant cry away they dash,
And men as fast pursue;
O'er logs they leap, through water splash,
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Now to elude the eager pack,
Bear shuns the open ground;
Through matted vines, he shapes
his track
And runs it, round and round—

The tall fleet cur, with deep-
mouthed voice,
Now speeds him, as the wind;
While half-grown pup, and short-
legged fice,
Are yelping far behind.

And fresh recruits are dropping in
To join the merry corps:
With yelp and yelp—a mingled
din—
The woods are in a roar—

And round and round with chace
now goes,
The world's alive with fun;
Nick Carter's horse his rider
throws,
And Mose Hill drops his gun—

Now sorely pressed, bear glances
back,

And lolls his tired tongue;
When is, to force him from his
track,
An ambush on him sprung—

Across the glade he sweeps for
flight,

And fully is in view—
The dogs, new-fired, by the sight,
Their cry, and speed, renew—

The foremost ones, now reach his
rear,
He turns, they dash away;
And circling now, the wrathful
bear,
They have him full at bay—

At top of speed, the horsemen
come,
All screaming in a row—
"Whoop! Take him Tiger—Seize
him Drum."
Bang-bang—the rifles go—

And furious now, the dogs he
tears,
And crushes in his ire—
Wheels right and left, and up-
ward rears,
With eyes of burning fire—

But leaden death is at his heart,
Vain all the strength he plies.
And, spouting blood from every
part,
He reels, and sinks, and dies—

And now a dinsome clamor rose,
'Bout who should have his skin;
Who first draws blood, each hunt-
er knows,
This prize must always win—

But who did this, and how to
trace
What's true from what's a lie.
Like lawyers, in a murder case
They stoutly argufy.

Aforesaid fice, of blustering mood,
Behind, and quite forgot,
Just now emerging from the wood,
Arrives upon the spot—

With grinning teeth, and upturned
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Brimfull of spunk and wrath.
He growls, and seizes on dead
bear,
And shakes for life and death—

And swells as if his skin would
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And growls and shakes again;
And swears, as plain as dog can
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That he has won the skin—

Conceited whelp! we laugh at
these—
Nor mind, that not a few
Of pompous two-legged dogs there
he,
Conceited quite as you.

Abraham Lincoln 2/5/25

'The Bear Hunt,'

Verses Throw New Sidelight on Character

Return to Indiana in 1844
Inspired Young Politician
in Style of Period.

Original Lines Show Quali-
ties Fulfilled in Gettysburg
Address and Others.

By William Webster Ellsworth.
Author of "A Golden Age of Authors,"
and of the lectures "Abraham Lincoln,
Boy and Man," "Theodore Roosevelt, Ameri-
can," "Forty Years of Publishing," etc.

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How very different American history might have been if Abraham Lincoln had been so seriously stricken by the poetry microbe as to decide to give his life to writing poetry! Fortunately for his country it seems to have been only a passing phase. Doubtless he saw, as so many of the rest of us have seen (and some, alas! have not) that what he wrote was only a sort of reflection of what he had read, with no originality, no new thought in it, or beauty of phrase or rhythm or rhyme. And he gave it up.

George Washington wrote verse when he was a young man, shockingly bad verse it was too, full of gods and cupids and the pains of love, as was much in vogue in his day. Lincoln's verse was redolent of sorrow and the grave in at least two known examples. The third, "The Bear Hunt," was more cheerful.

Lincoln was a grown man at the time, a lawyer, 35 years of age. He sent at least three of his poems to a friend. And in sending the first he shows his appreciation of a piece of verse which he had sent before and of which he says:

"Beyond all question I am not the author. I would give all I am worth and go in debt, to be able to write so fine a piece as I think that is. Neither do I know who is the author."

This shows how much he cared for poetry. All through his life he loved it, and he could repeat from beginning to end the verses "Oh why should the spirit of mortal be proud?" and he knew a great deal of Shakespeare, quoting often from the plays when entertaining theatrical people at the White House.

In a letter dated April 18, 1846, he sent his first known poem to "Friend Johnston," as he calls him, and gives the circumstances of its writing as follows:

"In the fall of 1844, thinking I might aid some to carry the state of Indiana for Mr. Clay, I went into the neighborhood in that state in which I was raised, where my mother and only sister were buried, and from which I had been absent about 15 years.

That part of the country, in itself, as unpoetical as any spot of the earth; but still, seeing it and its objects and inhabitants aroused feelings in me which were certainly poetry; though whether my expression of those feelings is poetry is quite another question. When I got to writing, the change of subject divided the thing into four little divisions or cantos, the first only of which I send you now, and may send the others hereafter."

These are some of the lines to which he refers:

My childhood's home I see again,
And sadden with the view;
And still, as memory crowds my brain,
There's pleasure in them, too.

O Memory! thou midway world
Twixt earth and paradise,
Where things decayed and loved ones lost
In dreamy shadows rise.

And, freed from all that's earthly vile,
Seem hallowed, pure and bright,
Like scenes in some enchanted isle.
All bathed in liquid light.

As dusky mountains please the eye
When twilight chases day;
As huzle notes that, passing by,
In distance die away;

As leaving some grand waterfall,
We, lingering, list its roar—
So memory will hallow all
We've known but know no more.

Near twenty years have passed away
Since here I bld farewell
To woods and fields, and scenes of play,
And playmates loved so well.

Where many were, but few remain
Of old familiar things;
But seeing them to mind again
The lost and absent brings.

The friends I left that parting day,
How changed, as time has sped;
Young childhood grown, strong manhood gray,
And half of all are dead.

I hear the loved survivors tell
How naught from death could save,
Till every sound appears a knell,
And every spot a grave.

I range the fields with pensive tread,
And pace the hollow rooms,
And feel (companion of the dead)
I'm living in the tombs.

Five months later, September 6, 1846, writing from Springfield, Illinois, Mr. Lincoln sent another piece of verse to his step-brother, writing as follows: "You remember when I wrote you from Tremont last spring, sending you a little canto of what I called poetry, I promised to bore you with another some time. I now fulfil the promise. The subject of the present one is an insane man; his name is Matthew Gentry. He is three years older than I, and when we were boys we went to school together. He was rather a bright lad, and the son of a rich man of a very poor neighborhood. At the age of 19 he unaccountably became furiously mad, from which condition he gradually settled down into harmless insanity. When, as I told you in my other letter, I visited my old home in the fall of 1844, I found him still lingering in this wretched condition. In my poetizing mood, I could not forget the impression his case made upon me. Here is the result."

But here's an object more of dread
Than aught the grave contains—
A human form with reason fled,
While wretched life remains.

When terror spread, and neighbors ran
Your dangerous strength to hind,
And soon, a howling, crazy man,
Your limbs were fast confined;

How then you strove and shrieked aloud,
Your bones and sinews bared;
And fiendish on the gazing crowd
With burning eyeballs glared;

And begged and swore, and wept and prayed,
With maniac laughter joined;
How fearful were these signs displayed
By pangs that killed the mind!

And when at length the drear and long
Time soothed thy fiery woes,
How plaintively thy mournful song
Upon the still night rose!

I've heard it oft as if I dreamed,
For distant, sweet and lone,
The funeral dirge it ever seemed
Of reason dead and gone.

To drink its strains I've stole away,
All stealthily and still,
Ere yet the rising god of day
Had streaked the eastern hill.

Air held her breath, trees with the spell
Seemed sorrowing angels round,
Whose swelling tears in dewdrops fell
Upon the listening ground.

But this is past, and naught remains
That raised thee o'er the brute;
Thy piercing shrieks and soothing strains,
Are like, forever mute.

Now fare thee well! More than the cause
Than subject now of woe,
All mental pangs by time's kind laws
Hast lost the power to know.

O death! thou awe-inspiring prince
That keepst the world in fear,
Why dost thou tear more best ones hence,
And leave him lingering here?

"If I should ever send another," writes Mr. Lincoln to "Friend Johnston," "the subject will be a 'Bear Hunt'."

The original manuscript of this third poem of Mr. Lincoln's is one of the treasures of the Pierpont Morgan library. With it is preserved a letter from Andrew Johnston (not the vice president with Lincoln—he was Andrew Johnson), dated Richmond, Va., August 11, 1869, in which he gives a brief history of the poem:

"Some time since, Dr. Barney asked me if I could give him an autograph of Mr. Lincoln. Having a few letters, and one or two copies of verses, I selected one of the latter, with which he was much pleased; and about a month ago, he published it in the Evening News, where it attracted the attention of some others, an original composition of Mr. Lincoln being something of a novelty. The subject was a return to his native place in Kentucky, and his reflections thereon.

"It has occurred to me that perhaps you might like to have something similar, and I therefore enclose you the only other paper in my possession, the subject being 'The Bear Hunt.' It is the composition of Mr. Lincoln himself, and wholly written by him; the endorsement on the back only accepted; and it was sent to me by him, though I do not find the accompanying letter. Possibly that may have related also to some matter of business.

"I am very truly yours,

Andrew Johnston."

"To Thomas H. Wynne, Esq.,
Richmond, Va."

In referring to "The Bear Hunt," Lincoln mentioned four cantos. It is believed that the fourth was either

ABRAHAM LINCOLN AS HOOSIER POET

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In referring to "The Bear Hunt" Lincoln mentioned four cantos. It is believed that the fourth was either never written or has been lost. The verses are given here in the original spelling of the manuscript. The "short-legged fice" in the eighth stanza means a spaniel or other pet dog.

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BY ABRAHAM LINCOLN

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Lies desert in thy brain

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'Twas then the frontier line:
The panther's scream filled night with fear
And bears preyed on the swine.

But wo for Bruin's short-lived fun,
When rose the squeallug cry:
Now man and horse, with dog and gun,
For vengeance at him fly.

A sound of danger strikes his ear,
He gives the breeze a snuff;
Away he bounds, with little fear,
And seeks the tangled rough.

On press his foes, and reach the ground,
Where's left his half-munched meal:
The dogs, in circles, scent around,
And find his fresh-made trail.

With instant cry away they dash
And men as fast pursue:
O'er logs they leap, through water splash,
And shout the brisk halloo.

Now to elude the eager pack
Bear shuns the open ground;
Through matted vines he shapes his track
And runs it round and round.

The tall fleet cur, with deep-mouthed voice,
Now speeds him as the wind;
While half-grown pup and short-legged fice,
Are yelping far behind.

And fresh recruits are dropping in
To join the merry corps;
With yelp and yell—a mingled din—
The woods are in a roar.

And round and round the chace now goes,
The world's alive with fun,
Nick Carter's horse his rider throws
And Mose Hill drops his gun.

Now, sorely pressed, bear glances back,
And lo! his fired tongue;
When is, to force him from his track,
An ambush on him sprung.

Across the glade he sweeps for flight
And fully is in view—
The lungs, now-flow', by the sight,
Their cry and speed renew.

The foremost ones now reach his rear,
He turns, they dash away;



ABRAHAM LINCOLN AT 35 YEARS,
WHEN HE WAS WRITING
POETRY.

And circling now, the wrathful bear,
They have him full at bay.

At top of speed the horsemen come,
All screaming in a row—
"Whoop! Take him, Tiger—seize him, Drum!"
Bang-bang—the rifles go.

And furious now the dogs he tears
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And, spouting blood from every part,
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Like lawyers in a murder case,
They stoutly argue.

Aforesaid fice, of blustering mood,
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Feb 12-1925

THE SAINT PAUL PIONEER PRESS. THURSDAY, FEB

Lincoln, When 35 Years Old, Wrote Poem Depicting Indiana Bear Hunt

Verse, Inspired by His Visit to Hoosier State as Clay Campaigner,
Vividly Describes Death Battle of Bruin With Men and
Dogs; Believed Not Published Before.

(Copyright, 1925, in United States, Canada and Great Britain, by North American Newspaper Alliance. All rights reserved.) New York, Feb. 11.—The full text of a poem of historical interest, written by Abraham Lincoln and called "The Bear Hunt," is given below. It is believed it has never been printed before. The text is taken from the original manuscript, which is one of the treasures of the J. Pierpont Morgan library in New York. It is given here through the courtesy of the library.

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By Abraham Lincoln.

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The panther's scream, filled night
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And bears prayed on the swine—

But wo for Bruin's short lived fun,

When rose the squealing cry;

Now man and horse, with dog and
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For vengeance, at him fly—

A sound of danger strikes his ear,

He gives the breeze a snuff;

Away he bounds, with little fear,
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On press his foes, and reach the
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back,

And lolls his tired tongue,
When ls, to force him from his
track,

An ambush on him sprung—

Across the glade he sweeps for
flight,

And fully is in view—

The dogs, new-fired, by the sight,
Their cry, and speed, renew—

The foremost ones, now reach his
rear,

He turns, they dash away;
And circling now, the wrathful bear,
They have him full at bay—

At top of speed, the horsemen come,
All screaming in a row—

"Whoop! Take him Tiger—Seize him
Drum."

Bang-bang—the rifles go—

And furious now, the dogs he tears,
And crushes in his ire—

Wheels right and left, and upward
rears,

With eyes of burning fire—

But leaden death ls at his heart,

Vain all the strength he plies.
And, spouting blood from every part
He reels, and sinks, and dies—

And now a dinsome clamor rose,
'Bout who should have his skin;
Who first draws blood, each hunter
knows,

This prize must always win—

But who did this, and how to trace
What's true from what's a lie,
Like lawyers, in a murder case
They stoutly argufy.

Aforesaid fice, of blustering mood,
Behind, and quite forgot,
Just now emerging from the wood,
Arrives upon the spot—

With grinning teeth, and up-turned
hair—

Brim full of spunk and wrath,
He growls, and seizes on dead bear,
And shakes for life and death—

And swells as if his skin would tear,
And growls and shakes again;
And swears, as plain as dog can
swear.

That he has won the skin—

Conceited whelp! we laugh at thee—
Nor mind, that not a few

Of pompous, two-legged dogs there
be,

Conceited quite as you.

EMANCIPATOR'S POEMS GIVE NEW SIDELIGHT

Verses Betray Qualities That
Resulted in Masterpieces
Like Gettysburg Address.

BY WILLIAM WEBSTER ELLSWORTH.
(Author of "A Golden Age of Authors," and
of the lectures "Abraham Lincoln, Boy and
Man," "Theodore Roosevelt, American," "Forty
Years of Publishing," etc.)

How very different American history might have been if Abraham Lincoln had been so seriously stricken by the poetry microbe as to decide to give his life to writing poetry! Fortunately for his country it seems to have been only a passing phase. Doubtless he saw, as so many of the rest of us have seen (and some, alas! have not) that what he wrote was only a sort of reflection of what he had read, with no originality, no new thought in it, or beauty of phrase or rhythm or rhyme. And he gave it up.

George Washington wrote verse when he was a young man—shockingly bad verse it was, too, full of gods and cupids and the pains of love, as was much in vogue in his day. Lincoln's verse was redolent of sorrow and the grave in at least two known examples. The third, "The Bear Hunt," was more cheerful.

Lincoln was a grown man at the time, a lawyer, 35 years of age. He sent at least three of his poems to a friend. And in sending the first he shows his appreciation of a piece of verse, which he had sent before and of which he says: "Beyond all question I am not the author. I would give all I am worth and go in debt to be able to write so fine a piece as I think that is. Neither do I know who is the author."

Cared Much for Poetry.

This shows how much he cared for poetry. All through his life he loved it, and he could repeat from beginning to end the verses "Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?" and he knew a great deal of Shakespeare, quoting often from the plays when entertaining theatrical people at the white house.

In a letter dated April 18, 1846, he sent his first known poem to "Friend Johnston," as he calls him, and gives the circumstances of its writing as follows:

"In the fall of 1844, thinking I might aid some to carry the state of Indiana for Mr. Clay, I went into the neighborhood in that state, in which I was raised, where my mother and only sister were buried, and from which I had been absent about fifteen years.

"That part of the country is, with itself, as unpoetical as any spot of the earth; but, still, seeing it and its objects and inhabitants aroused feelings in me which were certainly poetical; though whether my expression of those feelings is poetry is quite another question. When I got to writing, the change of subject divided the thing into four little divisions or cantos, the first only of which I send you now, and may send the others hereafter."

"Childhood's Memories."

These are some of the lines to which he refers:

My childhood's home I see again.
And sadden with the view.
And still, as memory crowds my brain,
There's pleasure in them, too.
O Memory! thou mid-way world
Twixt earth and paradise.
Where things decayed and loved ones lost
In dreamy shadows rise.
And, freed from all that's earthly vile,
Stem narrowed, pure and bright,
Like scenes in some enchanted isle
All bathed in liquid light.
As dusky mountains please the eye
When twilight chases day;
As bugle notes that, passing by,
In distance die away;
As leaving some grand waterfall
We, lingering, list its roar—
So memory will hallow all
We've known but know no more.
Near twenty years have passed away
Since here I bid farewell
To woods and fields and scenes of play,
And playmates loved so well.
Where many were, but few remain.
Of old familiar things;
But seeing them to mind again
The lost and absent brings.
The friends I left that parting day.
How changed, as time has sped!
Young childhood grown, strong manhood gray,
And half of all are dead.
I hear the loved survivors tell
How nought from death could save.
Till every sound appears a knell
And every spot a grave.
I range the fields with pensive tread,
And pace the hollow rooms,
And feel (companion of the dead),
I'm living in the tombs.

"Insanity."

Five months later, Sept. 6, 1846, writing from Springfield, Ill., Mr. Lincoln sent another piece of verse to his step brother, writing as follows:

"You remember when I wrote you from Tremont last spring, sending you a little canto of what I called poetry. I promised to bore you with another some time. I now fulfill the promise. The subject of the present one is an insane man; his name is Matthew Gentry. He is three years older than I, and when we were boys we went to school together. He was rather a bright lad, and the son of a rich man of a very poor neighborhood. At the age of 19 he unaccountably became furiously mad, from which condition he gradually settled down into harmless insanity. When, as I told you in my other letter, I visited my old home in the fall of 1844, I found him still lingering in this wretched condition. In my poetizing mood I could

not forget the impression his case made upon me. Here is the result:
But here's an object morbid and dread
Than ought the grave contains—
A human form with reason fled,
While wretched life remains

When terror spread and neighbors ran
Your dangerous strength to bind
And soon, a howling, crazy man,
Your limbs were fast conjoined.

How then you grove and shrieked aloud
Your bones and sinews bared;
And floundered on the crazing crowd
With burning eyeballs glared.

And begged and swore and wept and prayed
With maniac laughter joined;
How fearful were those signs displayed
By bangs that killed the mind!

And when at length the drar and long
Time soothed thy fiercer woes
How plaintively thy mournful song
Upon the still night rose!

I've heard it oft as if I dreamed,
Far distant, sweet and lone,
The funeral dirge it ever seemed
Of reason dead and gone.

To drink its strains I've stole away
All staid and still.
Ere yet the rising rod of day
Had streaked the eastern hill

Air held her breath; trees with the spell
Seemed sorrowing angels round,
Whose sweating tears in dewdrops fell
Upon the listening ground.

But this past, and nought remains
That raised life over the grave.
Thy piercing shrieks and soothing strains
Are like, forever mute.

Now fare thee well! More than the cause
Than subject now of woe,
All mental pang by time's kind laws
Has lost the power to know.

O death! thou awe-inspiring prince
Who keepst the world in fear,
We part from thee more lost ones hence,
And I leave him lingering here!

"Bear Hunt," a Morgan Treasure.

"If I should ever send another," writes Mr. Lincoln to "Friend Johnston," "the subject will be a 'Bear Hunt.'"

The original manuscript of this third poem of Mr. Lincoln's is one of the treasures of the Pierpont Morgan Library. With it is preserved a letter from Andrew Johnston (not the vice-president with Lincoln—he was Andrew Johnson), dated Richmond, Va., Aug. 11, 1849, in which he gives a brief history of the poem:

"Some time since Dr. Barney asked me if I could give him an autograph of Mr. Lincoln. Having a few letters and one or two copies of verses, I selected one of the letters, with which he was much pleased; and about a month ago he published it in the Evening News, where it attracted the attention of some others, an original composition of Mr. Lincoln being something of a novelty. The subject was a return to his native place in Kentucky, and his reflection thereon.

"It has occurred to me that perhaps you might like to save something similar, and I therefore inclose you the only other paper in my possession, the

subject being 'The Bear Hunt.' It is the composition of Mr. Lincoln himself, and wholly written by him; the endorsement on the back only excepted; and it was sent to me by him, though I do not find the accompanying letter. Possibly that may have related also to some matter of business.

"I am very truly yours,

"ANDREW JOHNSTON.

"To Thomas H. Wynne, Esq., Richmond, Va."

"The Bear Hunt" is not great poetry, but Abraham Lincoln had the real thing within him. The second inaugural and the Gettysburg address contain such poetical thoughts as few of the world's greatest poets have had within their souls.

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Lincoln's Last Paper Shown

Pardon for Prisoner Written on Assassination Day; Poetry Also Revealed.

NEW YORK, Feb. 12 (AP).—A pardon for a prisoner, which he believed was the last paper signed by Abraham Lincoln before his assassination on April

14, 1865, is in the possession of Emanuel Hertz, lawyer and collector of Lincolniana.

Only the signature is in Lincoln's autograph. The pardon reads:

"Let the prisoner be released on taking the oath of December 7, 1863.

"A. LINCOLN."

April 14, 1865.

Mr. Hertz, who said the slip of paper only recently came into his possession, declared other pardons Lincoln made he wrote in entirety, but this apparently had been prepared for someone else and signed in haste just as Lincoln was leaving for Ford's Theater, where he was shot by John Wilkes Booth.

In an address before the Women's National Republican Club, Mr. Hertz read a letter written by Lincoln July 11, 1848, which he said showed Lincoln in a lighter vein than usually associated with him.

The letter addressed to his law partner, William Herndon, read:

"Dear William:

"Yours of the 3rd is this moment received and I hardly need say it gave unalloyed pleasure. I now almost regret writing the serious, long-faced letter I wrote yesterday. But let the past as nothing be—go it while you're young! I write this in the confusion of the H. R., and with several other things to attend

to. I will send you about eight different speeches this evening, and as to kissing a pretty girl, I know one very pretty one, but I guess she won't let me kiss her. Yours

"Yours forever,

"A. LINCOLN."

Mr. Hertz also related that in Winchester, Va., Lincoln stopped at the town hotel—the Haggard House—and at the request of two daughters of the proprietor wrote verses in their autograph books which he composed on the spur of the moment. They read:

To Rosa—

You are young, and I am older;

You are hopeful, I am not.

Enjoy life, ere it grow colder,

Pluck the roses ere they rot.

Teach your beau to heed the lay—

That sunshine soon is lost in shade:

That now's as good as any day

To take thee, Rosa, ere she fade.

A. LINCOLN.

Winchester, Sept. 28, 1858.

To Linnie—

A sweet, plaintive song did I hear,

And I fancied that she was the singer,

May emotions as pure as that song set astir

Be the worst that the future shall bring her.

A. LINCOLN.

Winchester, Sept. 30, 1858.

Lincoln(?)

Adam and Eve's Wedding Song

Some Questions Answered

Sept 26 - 1929 C.E. World
Always give full name and address when
sending a communication for this department.

Can any reader give authentic information as to who is the author of the song, "Adam and Eve's Wedding Song"? The song is frequently attributed to Abraham Lincoln. It begins

When Adam was created, he dwelt in Eden's shade,

As Moses has recorded, and soon an Eve was made.

As Poet, Lincoln Leaves Much to Be Desired 2/12/30

Copyright, 1930, by International News.

SPRINGFIELD, MO., Feb. 12.—Oh, Mr. Lincoln, won't you please write something in our autograph books?"

And at this request of two little backwoods misses still in their 'teens Abraham Lincoln paused in his preparations for coming debates with Stephen A. Douglas, much feared "Little Giant," to try his hand at poetry.

The result, three short verses penned in 1858 for the two girls, Rosa and Linnie Haggard, are presented to the world today for the first time through courtesy of Edward G. Miner, Rochester, N. Y., owner of the original of the verses.

The verses will appear soon in a new volume of Lincoln to be published late in March, compiled by Paul M. Angle, secretary of the Abraham Lincoln Association, Springfield. An extract follows:

On the afternoon of September 28, Lincoln spoke at a large barbecue held at Winchester, county seat of Scott county.

"During his stay in Winchester, Lincoln stopped at the town hotel, the Haggard house. In the proprietor's family were two daughters. At their request Lincoln wrote the following verses in their autograph books:

TO ROSA—

You are young and I am older;
You are hopeful, I am not—
Enjoy life ere it grow colder—
Pluck the roses ere they rot.

Teach your beau to heed the lay—
That sunshine soon is lost in shade—
That now's as good as any day—
To take thee, Rosa, ere she fades.

—A. LINCOLN.

TO LINNIE—

A sweet, plaintive song did I hear.
And I fancied that she was the singer—
May emotions as pure as that song se
astir

Be the worst that the future shall bring
her. *Lincoln* A. LINCOLN.

See photostat

Sept. 30, 1858 in book Published

Lincoln, A.

To Mary and Linnie

2112/30

Lincoln's Attempts At Writing Poetry Are Revealed By Three Verses Penned In Autograph Books Of Winchester Girls

(Copyright, 1930, by I. N. S.)
"Oh, Mr. Lincoln, won't you please write something in our autograph books?"

And at this request of two little backwoods misses still in their 'teens, Abraham Lincoln paused in his preparations for coming debates with Stephen A. Douglas, much feared "Little Giant," to try his hand at poetry.

The result, three short verses penned back in 1858 for the two girls, Rose and Linnie Haggard, are presented to the world today for the first time by International News Service through courtesy of Edward G. Miner, Rochester, N. Y., owner of the original of the verses. Mr. Miner is a former resident of Winchester and still has relatives there.

The verses will appear soon in a new volume of Lincolnia to be published late in March, compiled by Paul M. Angle, secretary of the Abraham Lincoln Association, Springfield. The collection is entitled "New Letters and Papers of Lincoln."

Lincoln at that time was campaigning throughout Illinois and already had met Douglas in debates at Ottawa, Freeport, Jonesboro and Charleston.

Spoke at Jacksonville
On Monday, Sept. 17, he spoke at

Jacksonville and the next day at Winchester. The following day he stayed in Winchester poring over the Congressional Globe, forerunner of the Congressional Record. The next day he moved on to Pittsfield, closing his campaign in Springfield October 30.

Regarding the verses written by Lincoln at Winchester Mr. Angle's collections will say:

"On the afternoon of September 28, Lincoln spoke at a large barbecue held at Winchester, the county seat of Scott county. He remained in town all the following day and in the evening spoke at a meeting in the court house. The next day, September 30, he left for Pittsfield, where he was scheduled to speak on October 1.

"During his stay in Winchester, Lincoln stopped at the Town hotel, The Haggard House. In the proprietor's family were two daughters. At their request Lincoln wrote the following verses in their autograph books:

"To Rosa—
You are young and I am older;
You are hopeful, I am not—
Enjoy life 'ere it grow colder—
Pluck the roses 'ere they rot.
Teach your beau to heed the lay—
That sunshine soon is lost in
shade—

That now's as good as any day—
To take thee Rosa, 'ere she fades.
A. LINCOLN.

"To Linnie—
'A sweet plaintive song did I hear,
And I fancied that she was the
singer—
May emotions as pure as that song
set astir,
Be the worst that the future shall
bring her.'
A. LINCOLN."

Lincoln, Abraham

Poems written for two
little girls, Rosa and
Linnie Haggard.

"You are young and I am older;"

"A sweet, plaintive song did I hear,"

LINCOLN POEMS REVEALED

BY LOUIS J. HUMPHREY,
International News Service Staff
Correspondent.

(Copyright, 1930, by International News
Service.)

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., Feb. 12

(By International News Service).—"Oh, Mr. Lincoln, won't you please write something in our autograph books?"

And at this request of two little backwoods misses, still in their teens, Abraham Lincoln paused in his preparations for coming debates with Stephen A. Douglas, much feared "Little Giant," to try his hand at poetry.

The result, three verses penned in 1858 for the two girls, Rosa and Linnie Haggard, are presented to the world today for the

first time by the International News Service through courtesy of Edward G. Miner, Rochester, N. Y., owner of the original.

"To Rosa:

"You are young and I am older;
You are hopeful, I am not—
Enjoy life ere it grow colder;
Pluck the roses ere they rot.

"Teach your beau to heed the lay
That sunshine soon is lost in
shade—

That now's as good as any day
To take thee, Rosa, ere she
fades. "A. LINCOLN."

"To Linnie:

"A sweet, plaintive song did I
hear,
And I fancied that she was the
singer.

May emotions as pure as that song
set astir

Be the worst that the future shall
bring her.

"A. LINCOLN."

INDIANA MADE LINCOLN POET

It is not generally known that Southern Indiana inspired Abraham Lincoln to write poetry.

When he returned to Rockport and Gentryville in 1844 to make his campaign for Henry Clark, he was moved to verse. They were published under the heading "Memory." These stanzas selected from the entire poem will show its trend:

"My childhood's home I see again,
And saddened with the view;
And still, as memory crowds my
brain,
There's pleasure in it, too.

O Memory! thou midway world
'Twixt earth and paradise,
Where things decayed and loved
ones lost
In dreamy shadows rise.

And, freed from all that's earthly
vile,
Seems hallowed, pure, and
bright,
Like scenes in some enchanted isle
All bathed in liquid light.

As leaving some grand waterfall,
We, lingering, list its roar—
So memory will hallow all
We've known, but know no
more.

Near twenty years have passed
away.
Since here I bid farewell
To woods and fields, and scenes of
play,
And playmates loved so well.

The friends I left that parting day,
How changed, as time has sped!
Young childhood grown, strong
manhood gray,
And half of all are dead

I range the fields with pensive
tread,
And pace the hallow rooms,
And feel (companion of the dead)
I'm living in the tombs."

LINCOLN POEMS

Letter Eagle, May 22 '31

Springfield Ill.—“Oh, Mr. Lincoln, won't you please write something in our autograph books?”

And at this request of two little backwoods misses still in their 'teens Abraham Lincoln paused in his preparations for coming debates with Stephen A. Douglas, much feared “Little Giant,” to try his hand at poetry.

The result, three short stanzas penned back in 1858 for the two girls, Rosa and Linnie Haggard, are presented to the world today for the first time by International News Service through courtesy of Edward G. Miner, Rochester, N. Y., owner of the original of the poetry. Mr. Miner is a former resident of Winchester and still has relatives there.

When in Winchester, Lincoln during one of his debates with Douglas, stopped at the town hotel, the Haggard House. In the proprietor's family were two daughters. At their request Lincoln wrote the following verses in their autograph books:

TO ROSA—

You are young and I am older;
 You are hopeful, I am not—
 Enjoy life ere it grow colder—
 Pluck the roses ere they rot.
 Teach your beau to heed the lay—
 That sunshine soon is lost in shade—
 That now's as good as any day—
 To take thee, Rosa, ere she fades.

A. LINCOLN.

TO LINNIE

A sweet plaintive song did I hear,
 And I fancied that she was the singer—
 May emotions as pure as that song set
 astir
 Be the worst that the future shall
 bring her.

A. LINCOLN.

* * *

THAT Abraham Lincoln had the soul of a poet few who read his prose will doubt. But his poetry—or rather his verse—belongs to his earlier period, and much of it did not pretend to be anything but doggerel. "The Bear Hunt," written in 1844, is an excellent instance of this vein. It begins:

*A wild bear chase didst never see?
Then thou hast lived in vain.
Thy richest bump of glorious glee,
Lies desert in thy brain.*

Some twenty-one other verses brought the narrative to its close, with a sharp concluding slap at the "pompous, two-legged dogs" who claim the skins of bears they did not kill.

In "Adam and Eve's Wedding Song," written for Sarah Haggard on the occasion of her marriage to Aaron Grigsby, Lincoln pointed out:

*The woman was not taken
From Adam's head, we know;
To show she must not rule him—
'Tis evidently so.
The woman she was taken
From under Adam's arm,
So she must be protected
From injuries and harm.*

Lincoln's lines on "Time" are in more serious vein, recalling John Quincy Adams's verse which was quoted above:

*Time! what an empty vapour 'tis!
And days, how swift they are,
Swift as an Indian arrow,
Fly on like a shooting star.*

Lincoln, the Hoosier Poet

FEBRUARY 12 is Lincoln's birthday—so it is a fitting time to take note of his fine qualities.

Perhaps no great American has inspired so much poetry as Abraham Lincoln. A great part of the verse about Lincoln expresses the sorrow of the American people over his untimely end.

Lincoln was very fond of poetry and while a youth, he wrote a few stanzas on different subjects. In 1844 while in Indiana, he was inspired to write the following poem:

"My childhood's home I see again,
And sadden with the view;
And still, as memory crowds my brain,
There's pleasure in it too.

"O Memory! thou midway worked
'Twixt earth and paradise,
Where things decayed and loved one lost
In dreamy shadows rise,

"And, freed from all that's earthly vile,
Seem hallowed, pure and bright,
Like scenes in some enchanted isle
All bathed in liquid light."*

*Quoted in part.

7 Feb 11-1933
Pacific Rural Press
The poem, "O Captain, My Captain," by Walt Whitman, was a great favorite of Lincoln. He also like "Last Leaf," by Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Lincoln's great contributions to literature were written in prose. He used prose which was ideal for poetry, but he was too practical and logical for his great works to be formed into verse.



Youngest Lincoln Ever Sculptured
by Paulanship.
Stands in the plaza of the Lincoln Life
Insurance Co. Building, Fort Wayne, Indiana.

Aug

For Wagner Journal Gazette

SUNDAY, JULY 22, 1934

Impressions and Comments

By LOUIS N. ROCCA

LINCOLN, THE POET

Abraham Lincoln has been immortalized as the martyred president, as the rail-splitter, as the emancipator of slavery, as the brilliant circuit lawyer, and as the invincible debater.

In addition to all this he distinguished himself as a witty philosopher, as a letter writer of extraordinary penetration and tenderness, as a statesman, as a politician, when that term was not malodorous—and above all, as good old Honest Abe.

There was yet another side to Lincoln which is not so widely known. Behind his rough-hewn exterior there lay hidden a sweetness of soul incomparable. The height and depth of feeling of which Lincoln was capable have been well portrayed to an interested world. The fact that he was a poet, however, is not so widely known as it might be.

Lincoln's early years were rooted in Indiana soil, and as a youthful Hoosier he made friends who were dear to him to his dying day. The pleasant memories of those formative years in the state that he loved above all others, are most ably and affectionately set forth in the only authentic publication of his poetical efforts under the heading, "Memories."

Following, we give you but a few stanzas selected from this poem. You are particularly to note the poetical beauty of the second, third and fourth stanzas:

My childhood's home I see again,
And sadden with the view;
And still, as memory crowds my brain,
There's pleasure in it too.

O Memory; thou midway world
Twixt earth and Paradise,
Where things decayed and loved ones
lost

In dreamy shadows rise,

And, freed from all that's earthly vile,
Seems hallowed, pure, and bright,
Like scenes in some enchanted isle
All bathed in liquid light.

As leaving some grand waterfall,
We, lingering, list its roar—
So memory will hallow all
We've known, but know no more.

Near twenty years have passed away
Since here I bid farewell
To woods and fields, and scenes of
play,
And playmates loved so well.

The friends I left that parting day,
How changed, as time has sped!
Young childhood grown, strong man-
hood gray,
And half of all are dead.

I range the fields with pensive tread,
And pace the hollow rooms,
And feel (companion of the dead)
I'm living in the tombs.

There is much of beauty in these
lines; and they are, as it were, sud-
denly opened windows through which
we can gaze upon the bared soul of
one of the world's greatest stalwarts,
who yet possessed a gentleness of
spirit and a power of expression both
exquisite and unique.

Lincoln, the poet, is even a more
lovable figure than Lincoln, the great
and immortal martyr-president.

INDIANA INSPIRES LINCOLN'S VERSE

Poem Written When Civil
War President Visited
Childhood Scenes.

By THOMAS R. HENRY.

(Copyright, 1939, by the North American
Newspaper Alliance, Inc.)

Washington, March 11.—Abraham Lincoln, rising young lawyer of 35 and campaigning for his first term in Congress in 1844, visited some of the scenes of his childhood in Indiana and was so overcome by sentiment that he broke into verse to express his emotions.

Lincoln inclosed this poem, perhaps the only one he ever wrote, in a letter to a certain Andrew Johnson—not the future President—who presumably had been a boyhood friend but of whom nothing further is known. He also kept a copy.

This copy has just been deposited in the Library of Congress by Mrs. Mary Lincoln Isham of Washington, Lincoln's granddaughter. She found it in her grandfather's handwriting. This is the first time the entire poem has ever seen the light, although a few verses of it were published by Nicolai and Hay, the official biographers of the Civil War President.

The entire poem, copied from the original, follows:

My childhood home I see again
And gladden with the view,
And still as mem'ries crowd my brain
There's sadness in it, too.

O memory, thou midway world
Twixt earth and paradise,
Where things decayed and loved ones lost
In dreamy shadows rise.

And freed from all that's gross or vile,
Seem hallowed, pure and bright
Like scenes in some enchanted vale
All bathed in liquid light.

As distant mountains please the eye
When twilight chases day
As brighter tones that, passing by,
In distance die away;

As leaving some grand waterfall
We lingering list its roar,
So memory will hallow all
We've known, but know no more.

Now twenty years have passed away
Since here I bade farewell
To woods, to fields and scenes of play
And schoolmates loved so well.

Where many were how few remain
Of old familiar things,
But seeing these to mind again
The lost and absent brings.

The friends I left that parting day,
How changed as time has sped;
Young childhood gone, strong manhood
gray,
And half of all are dead.

I heard the lone survivors tell
How nought from death could save,
Till every sound appears a knell
And every spot a grave.

I range the fields with pensive tread,
I pace the hollow rooms,
And feel, companion of the dead,
I'm living in their tombs.

And here's an object more of dread
Than aught the grave contains,
A human form with reason fled
While wretched life remains.

Poor Matthew, once of genius bright,
A fortune-favored child,
Now locked for aye in mental night,
A haggard madman wild.

Poor Matthew, I have ne'er forgot
When first with maddened will
Yourself you maimed, your father fought,
Your mother strove to kill.

And terror spread and neighbors ran
Your dangerous strength to bind,
And soon a howling crazy man
Your limbs were fast confined.

How then you writhed and shrieked aloud,
Your bones and sinews bared,
And fiendish on the gaping crowd
With burning eyeballs glared.

And begged and swore and wept and
prayed
With maniac laughter joined;
How painful are the pains displayed
By pangs that kill the mind.

And when at length, tho drear and long,
Time soothed your fiercer woes,
How plaintively your mournful song
Upon the still night rose.

I've heard it oft as if I dreamed,
Far distant, sweet and lone,
The funeral dirge it ever seemed
Of reason dead and gone.

To drink its drams I've stole away,
All silently and still,
Ere yet the rising god of day
Had streaked the eastern hill.

Air held its breath and trees all still
Seemed sorrowing angels round;
Their swelling tears in dewdrops fell
Upon the list'ning ground.

But this is past and nought remains
That raised you o'er the brute;
Your maddening shrieks and soothing
strains,
Are alike forever mute.

Now fare thee well, more thou the cause
Than subject now of woe;
All mental pangs by time's kind hand
Hast lost the power to know.

And now away to seek some scene
Less painful than the last,
With less of horror mingled in
The present and the past.

The very spot where grew the bread
That formed my bones I see,
How strange old field on thee to tread
And feel I'm part of thee.



VERSES WRITTEN BY LINCOLN AT 35- REVEALED NOW BY A GRANDDAUGHTER

Poem Was Written When Civil War President Was Campaigning for First Term as Representative—Copy of Melancholy Reverie, Inspired by Childhood Scenes, Is Deposited in Library of Congress.

HERE has just been deposited in the Library of Congress by Mrs. Mary Lincoln Isham of Washington, the granddaughter of Abraham Lincoln, a poem written in ballad form in the handwriting of the Emancipator. A few verses only of this poem were published by Nicolai and Hay, Lincoln's official biographers, and it is safe to presume that these careful historians checked all the evidence tending to show that the poem was actually the original production of the Civil war President.

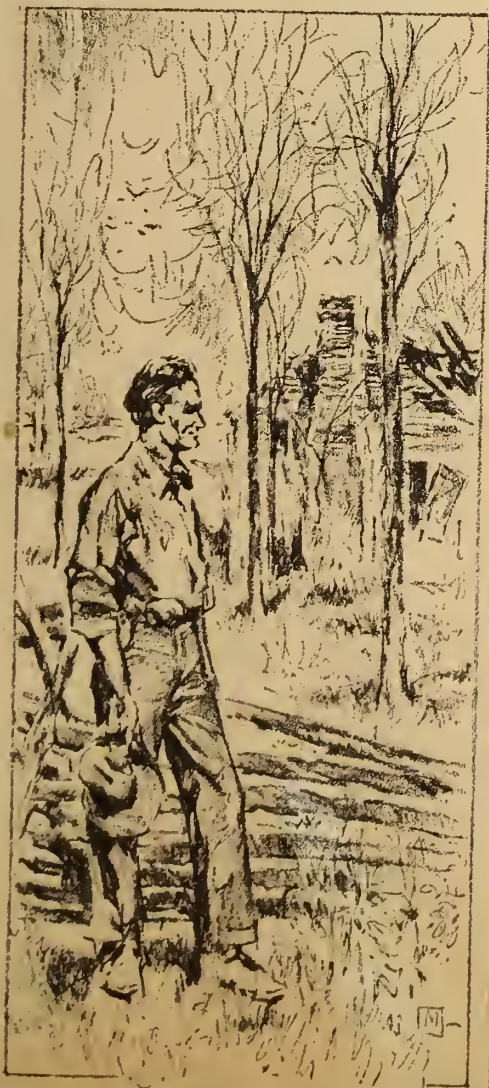
It is a familiar fact, attested by all his writings and speeches, that Lincoln was a man of poetic temperament. His desultory education

and early occupations probably deprived him of a wide knowledge of classical English poetry and its standards. His literary tastes were simple, but fine and delicate. The world today knows that he loved to quote one particular poem, "O, Why Should the Spirit of Mortals Be Proud;" and that almost unconsciously, as in his first inaugural address and in his great Gettysburg address, his language rose into poetic expression and cadence. The Gettysburg address, in fact, has been rearranged in blank metrical form.

But it was not only in his public utterances and writings that Lincoln revealed the deep inspiration of his poetic feeling. He had a poet's outlook on life in the little humanities he loved to dispense in the midst of the great tragedies that enveloped him, in his humor and in his melancholy, and in his many "unremembered acts of kindness and of love" that sweetened the dark hours of his tragic life.

The poem here printed in full for the first time will perhaps shed a fresh light on his lonely soul. It was presumed to have been written when he was 35 years old, a rising young lawyer campaigning for the first time for a term in Congress. It is not difficult to conceive the emotional conditions under which it was written. The "mystic chords of memory," to which Lincoln in long later years referred in his inaugural address were stirring within his heart. The "Poor Matthew" mentioned in the poem probably referred to some tragedy in his home town in Kentucky or Indiana that left a shadow over his youthful life.

The entire poem, copied from the original and released under copyright by the North



American Newspaper Alliance, Inc. (The Kansas City Star and Other Newspapers), follows:

MY childhood home I see again
And gladden with the view,
And still as mem'ries crowd my brain
There's sadness in it, too.

O Memory, thou midway world
Twixt earth and paradise,
Where things decayed and loved ones lost
In dreamy shadows rise,

And freed from all that's gross or vile,
Seem hallowed, pure and bright
Like scenes in some enchanted vale
All bathed in liquid light.

As distant mountains please the eye
When twilight chases day
As brighter tones that, passing by,
In distance die away;

As leaving some grand waterfall
We lingering list its roar,
So memory will hallow all
We've known, but know no more.

Now twenty years have passed away
Since here I bade farewell
To woods, to field and scenes of play
And schoolmates loved so well.

Where many were 'how few remain
Of old familiar things.
But seeing these to mind again
The lost and absent brings.

The friends I left that parting day,
How changed as time has sped;
Young childhood gone, strong manhood gray,
And half of all are dead.

I hear the lone survivors tell
How nought from death could save,
Till every sound appears a knell,
And every spot a grave.

I range the fields with pensive tread,
I pace the hollow rooms,
And feel, companion of the dead,
I'm living in their tombs.

And here's an object more of dread
Than aught the grave contains,
A human form with reason fled
While wretched life remains.

Poor Matthew, once of genius bright,
A fortune-favored child,
Now locked for aye in mental night,
A haggard madman wild.

Poor Matthew, I have ne'er forgot
When first with maddened will
Yourself you maimed, your father fought,
Your mother strove to kill.

And terror spread and neighbors ran
Your dang'rous strength to bind,
And soon a howling crazy man
Your limbs were fast confined.

How then you writhed and shrieked aloud,
Your bones and sinews bared,
And fiendish on the gaping crowd
With burning eyeballs glared,

And begged and swore and wept and prayed
With maniac laughter joined;
How painful are the pains displayed
By pangs that kill the mind.

And when at length, the drear and long,
Time soothed your fiercer woes,
How plaintively your mournful song
Upon the still night rose.

I've heard it oft as if I dreamed,
Far distant, sweet and lone.
The funeral dirge it ever seemed
Of reason dead and gone.

To drink its drams I've stole away,
All silently and still,
Ere yet the rising God of Day
Had streaked the eastern hill.

Air held its breath and trees all still
Seemed sorrowing angels round;
Their swelling tears in dewdrops fell
Upon the list'ning ground.

But this is past and nought remains
That raised you o'er the brute;
Your maddening shrieks and soothing strains,
Are like forever mute.

Now fare thee well, more thou the cause
Than subject now of woe;
All mental pangs by time's kind hand
Hast lost the power to know.

And now away to seek some scene
Less painful than the last—
With less of horror mingled in
The present and the past.

The very spot where grew the bread
That formed my bones I see,
How strange, old field, on thee to tread
And feel I'm part of thee.

INDIANA INSPIRES LINCOLN'S VERSE

Poem Written When Civil
War President Visited
Childhood Scenes.

By THOMAS R. HENRY.

(Copyright, 1939, by the North American
Newspaper Alliance, Inc.)

Washington, March 11.—Abraham Lincoln, rising young lawyer of 35 and campaigning for his first term in Congress in 1844, visited some of the scenes of his childhood in Indiana and was so overcome by sentiment that he broke into verse to express his emotions.

Lincoln inclosed this poem, perhaps the only one he ever wrote, in a letter to a certain Andrew Johnson—not the future President—who presumably had been a boyhood friend but of whom nothing further is known. He also kept a copy.

This copy has just been deposited in the Library of Congress by Mrs. Mary Lincoln Isham of Washington, Lincoln's granddaughter. She found it in her grandfather's handwriting. This is the first time the entire poem has ever seen the light, although a few verses of it were published by Nicolai and Hay, the official biographers of the Civil War President.

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The lost and absent brings.

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Your dangerous strength to bind,
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TUESDAY, APRIL 11, 1939

Verses By Lincoln Brought to Light

Poem Inspired by Visit To Childhood Home

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, rising young lawyer of 35 and campaigning for his first term in Congress in 1844, visited some of the scenes of his childhood in Indiana and was so overcome by sentiment that he broke into verse to express his emotions.

Lincoln enclosed this poem, perhaps the only one he ever wrote, in a letter to a certain Andrew Johnson—not the future President—who presumably had been a boyhood friend but of whom nothing further is known. He also kept a copy.

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The entire poem, copied from the original, follows:

My childhood home I see again
And gladden with the view,
And still as memories crowd my brain
There's sadness in it too.

O Memory, thou midway world
Twixt earth and paradise,
Where things decayed and loved once
lost
In dreamy shadows rise,

And freed from all that's gross or vile,
Seem hallowed, pure and bright
Like scenes in some enchanted vale
All bathed in liquid light.

As distant mountains please the eye
When twilight chases day
As brighter tones that, passing by,
In distance die away;

As leaving some grand waterfall
We lingering, list its roar,
So memory will hallow all
We've known, but know no more.

Now twenty years have passed away
Since here I bade farewell
To woods, to field and scenes of play
And schoolmates loved so well.

Where many were, how few remain
Of old familiar things,
But seeing these to mind again
The lost and absent brings.

The friends I left that parting day,
How changed, as time has sped;
Young childhood gone, strong manhood
gray.

And half of all are dead.
I hear the lone survivors tell
How naught from death could save,
Till every sound appears a knell,
And every spot a grave.

I range the fields with pensive tread,
I pace the hollow rooms,
And feel, companion of the dead,
I'm living in their tombs.

And here's an object more of dread
Than aught the grave contains.
A human form with reason fled
While wretched life remains.

Poor Matthew, once of genius bright,
A fortune-favored child,
Now locked for aye in mental night,
A haggard madman wild.

Poor Matthew, I have ne'er forgot
When first with maddened will
Yourself you maimed, your father
fought,

Your mother strove to kill.
And terror spread and neighbors ran,
Your dangerous strength to bind,
And soon a howling crazy man
Your limbs were fast confind.

How then you writhed and shrieked
aloud,

Your bones and sinews bared,
And fiendish on the gaping crowd
With burning eye-balls glared,

And begged and swore and wept and
prayed

With maniac laughter joined;
How painful are the pains displayed
By pangs that kill the mind.

And when at length, tho drear and
long

Time soothed your fiercer woes,
How pleasantly your mournful song
Upon the still night rose.

I've heard it oft as if I dreamed,
Far distant, sweet and lone.
The funeral dirge it ever seemed
Of reason dead and gone.

To drink its drama I've stole away,
All silently and still,
Ere yet the rising God of Day
Had streaked the eastern hill.

Air held its breath and trees all still
Seemed sorrowing angels round;
Their swelling tears in dewdrops fell
Upon the list'ning ground.

But this is past and naught remains
That raised you o'er the brute;
Your maddening shrieks and soothing
strains,

Are like forever mute.

Now fare thee well, more thou the cause
Than subject now of woe;
All mental pangs by time's kind hand
Hast lost the power to know.

And now away to seek some scene
Less painful than the last
With less of horror mingled in
The present and the past.

The very spot where grew the bread
That formed my bones I see,
How strange old field on thee to tread
And feel I'm part of thee.

LINCOLN LORE

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Published each week by The Lincoln National Life Insurance Company, Fort Wayne, Indiana

Number 529

FORT WAYNE, INDIANA

May 29, 1939

ABRAHAM LINCOLN: POET

A manuscript in Abraham Lincoln's own hand which has recently been presented to the Library of Congress by Mary Lincoln Isham of Washington is of intense interest to Lincoln students, as it reveals how Lincoln's choice of words improved when he could give some time and attention to his written compositions.

Upon visiting his old home in Indiana in 1844 he was stirred to write some poetry which evidently he jotted down hastily. An occasion arose, however, for him to submit the poetry to a friend which caused him to go over the manuscript carefully, dividing the long poem into two cantos.

Copies of the two revised cantos have been published, but now for the first time the original and uncorrected manuscript is available. Four new stanzas of poetry which Lincoln failed to include in his revised writing are now presented, and it is also discovered that he wrote one new stanza, not appearing in the original, to conclude one of the cantos after the revision was made.

After reading the first draft of the part of the poem relating to the insane youth, Matthew Gentry, one is deeply impressed by Lincoln's reaction to the tragedy of his school companion.

It also appears from this manuscript as if his poem on "The Bear Hunt" was also a part of the original composition. The two concluding stanzas seem to be transition verses which anticipate the writing of a more pleasant theme—"And now away to seek some scene Less painful than the last."

Lincoln left unchanged the word joined—pronounced by him "jined" to rime with mind—indicating that as late as 1844 it was in good usage in his vocabulary at least.

The text as Lincoln first wrote it is herewith presented. The words which were discarded for more satisfactory ones are placed in italics and the substituted expressions are to be found in the footnotes.

*My childhood home I see again
And gladden with the view,
And still as mem'ries crowd my brain
There's sadness in it too.*

*O Memory, thou midway world
Twixt earth and paradise,
Where things decayed and loved ones lost
In dreamy shadows rise,*

*And freed from all that's gross or vile,
Seems hallowed, pure and bright
Like scenes in some enchanted vale
All bathed in liquid light.*

*As distant mountains please the eye
When twilight chases day
As brighter tones that, passing by,
In distance die away;*

*As leaving some grand waterfall
We lingering list its roar
So memory will hallow all
We've known, but know no more*

*Now twenty years have passed away
Since here I bade farewell
To woods, to field and scenes of play
And schoolmates loved so well.*

*Where many were how few remain
Of old familiar things,
But seeing these to mind again
The lost and absent brings.*

*The friends I left that parting day,
How changed, as time has sped;
Young childhood gone, strong manhood
gray,
And half of all are dead.*

*I hear the lone survivors tell
How naught from death could save,
Till every sound appears a knell,
And every spot a grave.*

*I range the fields with pensive tread,
I pace the hollow rooms,
And feel, companion of the dead,
I'm living in their tombs.*

*And here's an object more of dread
Than aught the grave contains,
A human form with reason fled
While wretched life remains.*

*Poor Matthew, once of genius bright,
A fortune-favored child,
Now locked for aye in mental night,
A haggard madman wild.*

1 *Poor Matthew, I have ne'er forgot* 49
2 *When first with maddened will* 50
3 *Yourselves you maimed, your father fought,* 51
4 *Your mother strove to kill.* 52

5 *And terror spread and neighbors ran* 53
6 *Your dang'rous strength to bind,* 54
7 *And soon a howling crazy man* 55
8 *Your limbs were fast confined.* 56

9 *How then you writhed and shrieked aloud* 57
10 *Your bones and sinews bared,* 58
11 *And fiendish on the gaping crowd* 59
12 *With burning eye-balls glared,* 60

13 *And begged and swore and wept and prayed* 61
14 *With maniac laughter joined;* 62
15 *How painful are the pains displayed* 63
16 *By pangs that kill the mind.* 64

17 *And when at length, tho drear and long* 65
18 *Time soothed your fiercer woes,* 66
19 *How plaintively your mournful song* 67
20 *Upon the still night rose.* 68

21 *I've heard it oft as if I dreamed,* 69
22 *Far distant, sweet and lone.* 70
23 *The funeral dirge it ever seemed* 71
24 *Of reason dead and gone.* 72

25 *To drink its drams I've stole away,* 73
26 *All silently and still,* 74
27 *Ere yet the rising God of Day* 75
28 *Had streaked the eastern hill.* 76

29 *Air held its breath and trees all still* 77
30 *Seemed sorrowing angels round;* 78
31 *Their swelling tears in dewdrops fell* 79
32 *Upon the list'ning ground.* 80

33 *But this is past and naught remains* 81
34 *That raised you o'er the brute;* 82
35 *Your maddening shrieks and soothing* 83
36 *strains,* 84
37 *Are like forever mute.* 85

38 *Now fare thee well, more thou the cause* 86
39 *Than subject now of woe;* 87
40 *All mental pangs by time's kind hand* 88
41 *Hast lost the power to know.* 89

42 *And now away to seek some scene* 90
43 *Less painful than the last* 91
44 *With less of horror mingled in* 92
45 *The present and the past.* 93

46 *The very spot where grew the bread* 94
47 *That formed my bones I see,* 95
48 *How strange old field on thee to tread* 96
49 *And feel I'm part of thee.* 97

1. childhood's
2. sadden
3. memory crowds
4. pleasure
9. earthly
11. isle
18. dusky
15. bugle notes
21. near
22. bid

28. and fields
24. playmate
25. but
27. them
31. grown
38. loved
38. and
40. the
41. but
48. the

45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50,
51, 52—omitted
57. strove
59. gazing
62. pronounced jined
—did not change
63. were these signs
65. the
68. thy
67. thy

73. strains
74. stealthily
77. her—"trees with
the spell"
79. whose
82. thee
88. piercing
67. laws

89, 90, 91, 92, 96, 94, 95, 96, omitted from the original text with the following new concluding stanza substituted:

"O death! Thou awe-inspiring prince
That keepst the world in fear
Why dost thou tear more blest ones hence
And leave him lingering here."

Adams and Eve's Wedding Song.
And is alleged to be the first poem
written by Abraham Lincoln.

1

When Adam was created
He dwelt in Eden's shade,
As Moses has recorded.
And soon a bride was made.

2

The thousand times ten thousand
Of creatures swarmed around
Before a bride was formed
And yet no mate was found

3

The Lord was not then willing
That man should be alone
But caused a sleep upon him
And took from him a bone.

4

And closed the flesh instead thereof
And then he took the same,
And of it made a woman
And brought her to the man.

5

Then Adam he rejoiced
to his loving bride,
A part of his own body
The product of his side.

6

The woman was not taken
From Adams feet we see
So he must not abuse her
The meaning seems to be.

7

The woman was not taken

From Adams head we know
To show she must not rule him
Tis evidently so.

8

The woman she was taken
From under Adams arm
So she must be protected
From injuries and harm.

The 1st of July 1862
Aug 11 31

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FORT WAYNE, INDIANA

October 11, 1943

LINCOLN AWAKENS THE GODDESS CALLIOPE

The theme of a young man's thoughts in the Springtime has become proverbial, but just as impressive to one no longer young should be the poetic appeal of the Fall season, if there is any song left in his soul. It was in October that Lincoln, after an absence of fourteen years, visited the Indiana home of his youth, and was moved to express himself in verse. Sometime later he sent to a friend the lines of his favorite poem, "Immortality," by Knox and stated, "I would give all I am worth and go in debt, to be able to write so fine a piece as I think that is."

It is not likely that the poetry Lincoln composed on that October visit to the old home disturbed the repose of the muse to any extent, but most certainly he did awaken the goddess of poetry by his works and deeds. A whole troupe of Calliope's train were moved to sing about the humble martyr of cabin origin and eternal destiny. Deeds that have inspired the writing of so many tributes by the chief singers in modern poetry are more important than the ability of one pen to write "Immortality."

There seems to have been an unusual amount of attention paid in Indiana to James Whitcomb Riley's birthday this Fall, and for that reason, his best known lines on Abraham Lincoln are selected for this issue of the bulletin.

It is strange that there is nowhere available an exhaustive index to the poems written about Abraham Lincoln. The Lincoln National Life Foundation has such a task under way, but the tremendous volume of verse appearing in so many different sources almost overwhelms one. In the atmosphere of these Fall days, it might be of interest to glance over the un-reaped fields of Lincoln verse, where the harvester has scarcely put forth a single sickle.

Periodicals.—There are considerably over 3,000 separately bound magazine articles in the Foundation Library, and, although the title of a poem is often found in the title index, no effort has ever been made to make a complete catalogue of poetry.

Anthologies.—There are a few anthologies of Lincoln poetry which have been contributed by those familiar with the life of Lincoln, and whose

works have found a place in the libraries of Lincolniana. This would possibly be the logical place to begin an extensive compilation.

Separately Printed Poems.—The subject index of the Foundation reveals that there are 176 separately printed poems in the library which have been accepted as Lincolniana titles. Some of these items are books of three hundred pages or more, which run into seven cantos, while others are but a few lines on a folder.

Occasional Poems in Lincolniana.—In the more than 6,000 Lincoln volumes in the Foundation Library, there has never been an attempt to make a catalogue of each separate piece of poetry. It would be difficult to even make a fair estimate of the number of poems that might be gleaned from this source.

Scattered Poems in Collateral Books.—There are two shelves in the Collateral Library of the Foundation containing over 100 books which have been acquired because they include one or more Lincoln poems, but this does not approach numerically the great quantity of Lincoln poems which are to be found in the thousands of books classified in other sections of a Lincoln collateral library.

Music Portfolios.—Just how closely musical compositions, with words set to music, should be associated in a poetry catalogue is problematical. The Foundation has already published a check book on sheet music with 214, not including variants, of the numbers containing words as well as scores. But this does not take care of the hundreds of pieces of music appearing in the form of broadsides which do not fall in the plan of the above mentioned check list.

Broadsides.—Most of the separately printed pieces of Lincoln poetry are to be found in the form of broadsides. They are legion, and almost impossible to assemble with any degree of completeness.

Programs.—One of the most fruitful fields investigated by searchers for Lincoln poems, outside the accepted field of exclusive Lincolniana, is the enormous collection of Lincoln programs which can be found in almost any large Lincoln collection. This is another unrecorded mass of source material.

Manuscript Poetry.—Possibly the most inaccessible of all the sources of poetry are the original manuscripts signed by authors. Most of these probably are not found in print and for that reason might not be eligible for listing in a major file of all known Lincoln poetry.

Newspapers.—Here is one source which will never be exhausted, yet, it is just here that the Foundation has begun its systematic compilation which may eventually assume the proportions of an exhaustive anthology of Lincoln poetry. It may be putting "the cart before the horse" by starting at the place most likely to be incomplete in the end, yet, necessity seems to demand some organization of clippings. To date, the Foundation has filed under the name of the author, over 1,000 different poems with three index cards for each piece of poetry, author, subject and first line. Each poem is mounted on a uniform size paper.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

A peaceful life,—just toil and rest—
All his desire;—

To read the books he liked the best
Beside the cabin fire—
God's work and man's;—to peer sometimes
Above the page, in smouldering gleams,
And catch, like far heroic rhymes,
The monarch of his dreams.

A peaceful life;—to hear the low
Of pastured herds,
Or woodman's axe that, blow on blow,
Fell sweet as rhythmic words.
And yet there stirred within his breast
A fateful pulse that, like a roll
Of drums, made high above his rest
A tumult in his soul.

A peaceful life! . . . They hailed him even
As one was hailed
Whose open palms were nailed toward
Heaven
When prayers nor aught availed.
And, lo, he paid the selfsame price
To lull a nation's awful strife
And will us, through the sacrifice
Of self, his peaceful life.

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October 11, 1943

LINCOLN AWAKENS THE GODDESS CALLIOPE

The theme of a young man's thoughts in the Springtime has become proverbial, but just as impressive to one no longer young should be the poetic appeal of the Fall season, if there is any song left in his soul. It was in October that Lincoln, after an absence of fourteen years, visited the Indiana home of his youth, and was moved to express himself in verse. Sometime later he sent to a friend the lines of his favorite poem, "Immortality," by Knox and stated, "I would give all I am worth and go in debt, to be able to write so fine a piece as I think that is."

It is not likely that the poetry Lincoln composed on that October visit to the old home disturbed the repose of the muse to any extent, but most certainly he did awaken the goddess of poetry by his works and deeds. A whole troupe of Calliope's train were moved to sing about the humble martyr of cabin origin and eternal destiny. Deeds that have inspired the writing of so many tributes by the chief singers in modern poetry are more important than the ability of one pen to write "Immortality."

There seems to have been an unusual amount of attention paid in Indiana to James Whitcomb Riley's birthday this Fall, and for that reason, his best known lines on Abraham Lincoln are selected for this issue of the bulletin.

It is strange that there is nowhere available an exhaustive index to the poems written about Abraham Lincoln. The Lincoln National Life Foundation has such a task under way, but the tremendous volume of verse appearing in so many different sources almost overwhelms one. In the atmosphere of these Fall days, it might be of interest to glance over the un-reaped fields of Lincoln verse, where the harvester has scarcely put forth a single sickle.

Periodicals.—There are considerably over 3,000 separately bound magazine articles in the Foundation Library, and, although the title of a poem is often found in the title index, no effort has ever been made to make a complete catalogue of poetry.

Anthologies.—There are a few anthologies of Lincoln poetry which have been contributed by those familiar with the life of Lincoln, and whose

works have found a place in the libraries of Lincolniana. This would possibly be the logical place to begin an extensive compilation.

Separately Printed Poems.—The subject index of the Foundation reveals that there are 176 separately printed poems in the library which have been accepted as Lincolniana titles. Some of these items are books of three hundred pages or more, which run into seven cantos, while others are but a few lines on a folder.

Occasional Poems in Lincolniana.—In the more than 6,000 Lincoln volumes in the Foundation Library, there has never been an attempt to make a catalogue of each separate piece of poetry. It would be difficult to even make a fair estimate of the number of poems that might be gleaned from this source.

Scattered Poems in Collateral Books.—There are two shelves in the Collateral Library of the Foundation containing over 100 books which have been acquired because they include one or more Lincoln poems, but this does not approach numerically the great quantity of Lincoln poems which are to be found in the thousands of books classified in other sections of a Lincoln collateral library.

Music Portfolios.—Just how closely musical compositions, with words set to music, should be associated in a poetry catalogue is problematical. The Foundation has already published a check book on sheet music with 214, not including variants, of the numbers containing words as well as scores. But this does not take care of the hundreds of pieces of music appearing in the form of broadsides which do not fall in the plan of the above mentioned check list.

Broadsides.—Most of the separately printed pieces of Lincoln poetry are to be found in the form of broadsides. They are legion, and almost impossible to assemble with any degree of completeness.

Programs.—One of the most fruitful fields investigated by searchers for Lincoln poems, outside the accepted field of exclusive Lincolniana, is the enormous collection of Lincoln programs which can be found in almost any large Lincoln collection. This is another unrecorded mass of source material.

Manuscript Poetry.—Possibly the most inaccessible of all the sources of poetry are the original manuscripts signed by authors. Most of these probably are not found in print and for that reason might not be eligible for listing in a major file of all known Lincoln poetry.

Newspapers.—Here is one source which will never be exhausted, yet, it is just here that the Foundation has begun its systematic compilation which may eventually assume the proportions of an exhaustive anthology of Lincoln poetry. It may be putting "the cart before the horse" by starting at the place most likely to be incomplete in the end, yet, necessity seems to demand some organization of clippings. To date, the Foundation has filed under the name of the author, over 1,000 different poems with three index cards for each piece of poetry, author, subject and first line. Each poem is mounted on a uniform size paper.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

A peaceful life,—just toil and rest—
All his desire;—

To read the books he liked the best
Beside the cabin fire—
God's work and man's;—to peer sometimes
Above the page, in smouldering gleams,
And catch, like far heroic rhymes,
The monarch of his dreams.

A peaceful life;—to hear the low
Of pastured herds,
Or woodman's axe that, blow on blow,
Fell sweet as rhythmic words.
And yet there stirred within his breast
A fateful pulse that, like a roll
Of drums, made high above his rest
A tumult in his soul.

A peaceful life! . . . They hailed him even
As one was hailed
Whose open palms were nailed toward
Heaven

When prayers nor aught availed.
And, lo, he paid the selfsame price
To lull a nation's awful strife
And will us, through the sacrifice
Of self, his peaceful life.

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Bobbs-Merrill Co.

Lincoln Turned His Hand To Rhymed Verse, Too

NEWPORT, R. I., Feb. 12 (AP) — Among the millions who have sensed the majestic poetry in Lincoln's Gettysburg Address, few have known that Abraham Lincoln turned his hand earlier in life to rhymed verse.

Harold Gammans — Lincoln scholar, author of books on Lincoln and Lincolnian drama — today suggested that some of the Civil War President's verses possess such lyric quality that they could be sung to music. In fact, he has tried his hand at fitting three to music.

One, he thinks goes well with minor adaption to music of Franz Schubert's "Hark, Hark, the Lark." Another, he thinks could be sung well to any of three long-established hymn tunes.

Gammans calls attention to Lincoln's lines "To Rosa," written for the daughter of a hotel landlord.

Meridan Record (Conn) 2/12
It appears with other verses, "To Linnie" — Rosa's sister — in the George S. Miner Lincoln collection at the University of Rochester, Gammans says.

He quotes this first stanza:

"You are young and I am older,

"You are hopeful, I am not.

"Enjoy life ere it grows colder,

"Pluck the roses ere they rot."

He suggests the cadence of Lincoln's "Memory", written in 1846, would fit well with some familiar hymn tunes. He offers these first two stanzas:

"My childhood's home I see again

"And sadden at the view,

"And still as memory crowds my brain

"There's pleasure in it, too.

"Oh memory from midway world

"Twixt earth and paradise,

"Where scenes decayed and

loved ones lost

"In dreamy shadows rise."

♦ Gammans says he is adding a slim volume, "Lincoln Songs" as a supplement to an earlier work, "Lincoln Names and Epithets," which told of the many names, complimentary and otherwise, applied to the Civil War President.

Page Three

LINCOLN ON FEAR

(Anecdotes of Lincoln—No. 55)

I have pondered on a statement
spoken in a sportive vein)
That was made by Lincoln, and
from
which there may be much to gain.
He was speaking of the dangers
that beset his life, one day—
Over-critical of self, it seems,
for such was Lincoln's way.

Lincoln's attitude towards danger,
and the threats upon his life,
Were of great concern to friends,
in days when both were truly rife.
He had quite a fatalistic view
of caution, guards and such;
And to saunter unprotected, e'en
at night, he ventured much.

There were many threats by mail
that he, throughout the years,
received,
With a mass assault by Richmond
men,
more recently conceived.
But, the President adopted
such a fatalistic view,
That his friends accepted there was
naught
that they could say or do.

But, the point I wish to note,
and to embellish for you here,
Is the concept Lincoln had
concerning bravery and fear.
I have noted that he spoke
in sportive, self effacing vein;
For, he doubted he'd be always
brave,
if faced with death or pain.

Lincoln said that he appraised him-
self,
as coward in a sense;
But, in one respect, he thought,
for him, there could be some de-
fense.

Physically, danger had, he said,
no lure for him at all.
But, in one regard, in danger,
Lincoln felt he'd meet the call.
If a moral issue were at stake,
he felt he would not fail—

For the cause of Truth has its
demand, alike, on strong and
frail—

To accept whatever dangers,
physical or otherwise,
For he felt, to meet the challenge,
to the test, his soul would rise.

As for disregard of danger,
from a mad assassin's hand—
In a thousand ways, it seemed to
him,
his murder could be planned;
And the role of guards, that irked
him, might be always quite in
vain.—

Such an attitude, his recklessness,
might very well explain.

Continued on Page Six

Lincoln On Fear ...

Continued from Page Three

Thus, exposure to the danger,
as he often shunned his guard,
could be hardly termed heroic,
by biographer or bard,
But, that Lincoln was heroic,
none should ever have a doubt.
For his code, concerning morals,
ruled the fear of danger out.

There are some, we hold as heroes,
due to some haphazard act.
But, a "hero of acclaim," may not
be quite the same in fact.
For, a hero truly is a man
possessed of lofty soul,
Not a man who makes a gamble,
just to play a "hero's" role.

That's the view, I think,
that wise men take, as
on through life they go.
An heroic act is something more
than putting on a show.
That's the view of Abe and all
who love the tranquil ways of men.
But, when comes the test,
for Virtue's sake,
are God's own heroes then.

J.F.T., Jr.

Wednesday, January 1, 1958

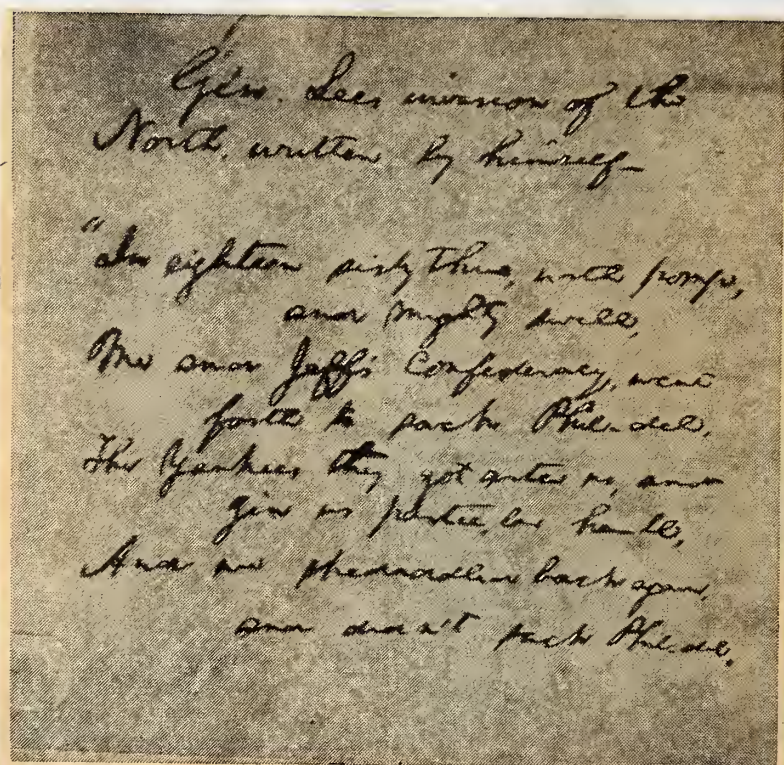
BOSTON'S POLITICAL TIMES

Indianapolis News
February 12, 1958

Lincolniana

Young Abe Lincoln is often thought of as a grave fellow who spent all of his time in study and self-improvement. Yet the earliest known sample of his handwriting shows a saving grace of humor and an ability to laugh at himself. He wrote:

*Abraham Lincoln,
His hand and pen,
He will be good,
But God knows when.*



Lincoln's Letters on Exhibit

"In eighteen sixty-three, with
pomp
and mighty swell,
"Me and Jeff's Confederacy went
forth to sack Phil-del.
"The Yankees they got arter us and
gin us particklar hell
"And we skedaddled back again
and didn't sack Phil-del."
Thus scribbled Abraham Lincoln

in a humorous mood two weeks
after the Battle of Gettysburg.
"Gen. Lee's invasion of the North,
written by himself", is the title
of the verse.

It is one of a collection of papers of John Hay, Lincoln's wartime secretary, given to Brown last year by John Hay Whitney, American ambassador to Great Britain and Hay's grandson. It appears with sixty letters and manuscripts of Lincoln on display in the John Hay Library commemorating the 150th anniversary of Lincoln's birthday.

"The Tycoon was in very good humor. Early in the morning he scribbled this doggerel and gave it to me," wrote Hay in his diary.

Also included in the exhibition is a letter of 1863 addressed to a group of Ohio politicians who had protested the "banishment" of C. L. Vallandigham, a leading copperhead who had been arrested by Gen. A. E. Burnside, later governor of Rhode Island. This is the public announcement of the letter's existence, and is of importance to historians.

Humorist and War Leader

Exhibit Shows Lincoln as Both

Abraham Lincoln, the humorist, and Abraham Lincoln, the war leader, both are projected by writings of the Great Emancipator now on public display at the John Hay Library of Brown University in commemoration of the 150th anniversary of his birth.

A long-lost bit of comic verse, scribbled by Lincoln two weeks after the Battle of Gettysburg is among 60 of his letters and manuscripts on display.

It came to light among a collection of papers of John Hay, Lincoln's secretary, and was presented last year to Brown University by John Hay Whitney, American ambassador to Great Britain and Hay's grandson.

The humorous piece had been mentioned in Hay's diary on July 19, 1863, in these words: "The Tycoon was in a very good humor. Early in the morning he scribbled this doggerel and gave it to me." The "doggerel", however, was left out of Hay's diary.

The verse found in Brown University's Hay collection is undoubtedly in Lincoln's handwriting and carries the footnote, "Written Sunday morning, July 19, 1863, attest, John Hay."

Titled by Lincoln himself, "Gen. Lee's Invasion of the North," it reads:

"In 1863, with pomp and
mighty swell,
Me and Jeff's Confederates
went forth to sack
Phil-del.
The Yankees they got arter
us and gin us particular
hell
And we skedaddled back
again and didn't sack
Phil-del."

Historians may be more interested in the original of a Lincoln letter addressed in 1863 to a group of Ohio politicians who had protested the "banishment" of Clement L. Vallandigham, a leading Copperhead. He had been arrested by Gen. Ambrose E. Burnside, later governor of Rhode Island, for allegedly treasonable utterances.

*Gen. Lee's invasion of the
North, written by himself*

*"In eighteen sixty three, with pomp,
and mighty swell,
Me and Jeff's Confederates, went
forth to sack Phil-del.
The Yankees they got arter us, and
gin us particular hell,
And we skedaddled back again,
and didn't sack Phil-del."*

*Written Sunday morning July 19. 1863.
Attest John Hay.*

This letter, also on display, finds Lincoln discussing the broad principles of support of the government in time of war. He requested the signature of the group to a three-point statement of loyalty to the Union.

A blank page was left at the end for their signatures, but the page remained blank. They refused to commit themselves under the terms laid down by the President.

The text of the document is among published Lincoln papers, but the original carrying his signature was believed lost until it turned up among possessions of Vallandigham's descendants. Later it found its place in Brown University's extensive collection of Lincolniana.

This is the first public announcement of its existence.

The current exhibition takes its title, "Abraham Lincoln, His Hand and Pen," from one of Mr. Lincoln's early copy books. It includes a variety of autographed manuscripts dating from 1824 to 1865.

One interesting early item is about his grandfather, Abraham Linkhorn, "entering 400 acres of land" on a U.S. Treasury warrant. It is followed by the important muster roll of the cavalry company the Civil War president commanded in the Black Hawk War. It bears his signature.

Also there are papers from the files of the three law firms of which Lincoln was a member, a list of his law cases and a paper bag relating to the Illinois Central litigation, his most prominent legal case.

War documents begin with messages urging the relief of

Fort Pickens in Florida. Among the letters is one in which Lincoln wrote, "We owe Rhode Island and Governor Sprague a good deal because they give us such good troops and no trouble."

More than a dozen letters to Union generals show Lincoln taking active command of military forces while General McClellan was tied up before Richmond in 1862. He urged General Fremont not "to lose a minute in the effort to trap Stonewall Jackson" on the Shenandoah Valley.

Freemont had his own plans. "I see you are at Moorefield," the President wired him later. "You were ordered to march to Harrisonburg. What does this mean?"

Stonewall Jackson was not trapped. He got away and joined Robert E. Lee.

A letter dealing masterfully with the ticklish situation posed by the efforts of Secretary of

the Treasury Chase to secure the presidential nomination in 1864 is in a final group of missives. They end with Lincoln's acceptance of Chase's resignation, a document received with chagrin by Chase.

*Gen. Lee's invasion of the
North, written by himself—*

*"In eighteen sixty three, with pomp,
and mighty swell,
The anar Jeff's Confederacy, went
forth to sack Phil-del.
The Yankees, they got arter us, and
gin us partic'lar hell,
And we skiddaddled back again,
and didn't sack Phil-del."*

Written Sunday morning July 19, 1863.

Attest John Hay.

This original document is a part of the John Hay Collection of the Brown University Library, Providence, Rhode Island.

anonymously, the identity of the author was known by Lincoln's associates. Ward H. Lamon's biography "The Life of Abraham Lincoln; From His Birth To His Inauguration as President" James R. Osgood and Company, 1872, pages 317-318, carries the statement that, "The circumstances (of the murder case) impressed him very deeply with the insufficiency and danger of 'circumstantial evidence,' so much so, that he not only wrote the following account to Speed (June 19, 1841), but another more extended one, which was printed in a newspaper published at Quincy, Ill."

In regard to Lincoln's labors for art's sake the Lamon biography carries the following comment concerning Lincoln's literary treatment

of the Traylor murder case: "There is nothing constrained, and nothing studied or deliberate about it; but its simplicity, perspicuity, and artless grace make it a model of English composition." A further statement about Lincoln's prose, in connection with his treatment of the murder case was that, "He never says more nor less than he ought, and never makes use of a word that he could have changed for a better."

After publication in the Quincy Whig Lincoln's article was copied a week later by the Sangamo Journal. This contribution in prose undoubtedly resulted from the literary friendship between Lincoln and Johnston. The article is well written and would merit publication, even anonymously, in a

modern periodical. (See "The Collected Works of Abraham Lincoln" Volume I, 1824-1848, pages 371-376).

In 1858 while Lincoln was the guest of a Winchester, Illinois hotel proprietor, he had occasion to write some verses in the autograph album of the two daughters of the innkeeper, Rosa and Linnie Haggard. These original verses, (the manuscripts are the property E. G. Miner of Rochester, New York) follow:

"To Rosa—

"You are young, and I am older;
You are hopeful, I am not—
Enjoy life, ere it grow colder—
Pluck the roses ere they rot.

"Teach your beau to heed the lay—
That sunshine soon is lost in shade—
That now's as good as any day—
To take thee, Rosa, ere she fade.

"Winchester, Sep. 28, 1858. A. Lincoln—"

The verse "To Linnie" written two days later on September 30, 1858 follows:

"To Linnie—

"A sweet plaintive song did I hear,
And I fancied that she was the
singer—
May emotions as pure, as that song
set a-stir
Be the worst that the future shall
bring her.

"Winchester Sept. 30—1858—A. Lincoln—"

Lincoln is also known to have written, while a Springfield lawyer, some rather undignified lines incorporating spoonerisms—which are defined as a transposition of sounds, usually the initial sounds of two or more words. The dictionary gives an example: "A blushing crow for a crushing blow." The use of spoonerisms was a highly popular form of humor in frontier days. One such production in Lincoln's hand is owned by Nathaniel E. Stein, a former president of The Manuscript Society. Lincoln's "Short Short Story" appeared for the first time in facsimile in the Fall 1956 issue of Gentry Magazine.

As president of the United States Lincoln on occasion continued to compose doggerel verse. Two weeks after the battle of Gettysburg Lincoln wrote a humorous piece which was mentioned in John Hay's diary, under the date of July 19, 1863. The entry (deleted in part in Hay's three volume published diary) follows: "The Tycoon was in a very good humor. Early in the morning he scribbled this doggerel and gave it to me." This original verse in Lincoln's handwriting is now a part of the Brown University collection:

"Gen. Lee's invasion of the North written by himself.

"In eighteen sixty three, with pomp and mighty swell/Me and Jeff's Confederacy, went forth to sack Phil-del/The Yankees they got arter us, and gin us particular hell/And we skiddaddled back again, and didn't sack Phil-del."/

Below this verse Lincoln's private secretary appended the following information: "Written Sunday Morning July 19, 1863 Attest John Hay."

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

THE POET

ABRAHAM LINCOLN tried his hand at versifying on several occasions in his career. It was never more than doggerel, and quite often in the crude vernacular of the backwoods he'd known in his youth.

One of his earliest efforts was some political verse, dashed off during the Jackson-Adams campaign:

"Let auld acquaintance be forgot
And never brought to mind;
May Jackson be our President
And Adams left behind."

In 1844, after visiting for the first and only time the Indiana scenes of his childhood, he penned:

"My childhood home I see again
And sadden with the view;
And still, as memory crowds my brain,
There's pleasure in it too."

On July 19, 1863, two weeks after the Battle of Gettysburg, he scribbled this doggerel, entitled:

"General Lee's invasion of the North,
written by himself'

In eighteen sixty three, with pomp
and mighty swell,
Me and Jeff's Confederacy, went forth
to sack Phil-del.
The Yankees they got arter us, and gin
us partic'lar hell,
And we skedaddled back again, and didn't
sack Phil-del."

Lincoln, on an earlier occasion when he was a circuit lawyer, wrote this bit of foolery for a Springfield court bailiff:

"He said he was riding on a jass-ack, through
a patton-cotch, when the animal steered at a
scump, and throwed him in a forner of the
kence, and broke his pishing fole."



Alexis A. Praus, *Director*

Ruth Howard, *Curator of Education*

Corwin Rife, *Curator of Exhibits*

October 25, 1961

Dr. R. Gerald McMurtry
Lincoln Life Foundation
Fort Wayne, Indiana

Dear Gerald:


Always enjoy Lincoln Lore and especially liked "Lincoln: Poet or Rhymester".

You may be interested in the following, if you do not know it already. Lincoln could hardly have written Johny Kongapod's obituary since its origin is credited to La Hire, a French soldier and swash-buckler of the 15 century.* In 1862 George Mc Donald, in David Elginbrod, made the following epitaph well-known:

Here lie I, Martin Elginbrod
Have mercy on my soul Lord God!
As I would do, if I were God
And Thou wert Martin Elginbrod.

Best from,

Yours sincerely,



Alexis A. Praus, Director

* See Playing Cards, W. Gurney Benham, Spring Books, London, date?

AAP:mh

October 26, 1961

Mr. Alexis A. Praus, Director
Kalamazoo Public Museum
315 South Rose Street
Kalamazoo, Michigan

Dear Mr. Praus:

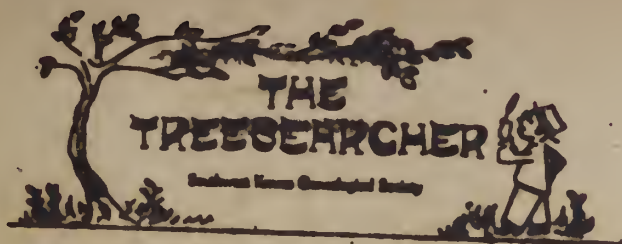
Many thanks for your fine letter of October 25th. I always like to hear from readers of Lincoln Lore. You were kind to state that you found the recent issue containing the article "Lincoln, Poet or Rhymester" of interest.

I am indeed grateful to you for the epitaph by George McDonald (1862) that appeared in "David Elginbrod". This reference will certainly find a place in our files.

Yours sincerely,

R. Gerald McMurtry

RGM:hw



MRS. ROBERT B. COOK
HARDTNER, KANSAS
February 13, 1962

Henry B. Bass
Midd, Oklahoma

Dear Sir:

I just read your article in Sunday's Daily Oklahoman and thought you might just possibly be interested in adding the inclosed song to your collection.

I have copied it just as some member of the Grigsby family must have copied it from the original, including the item at the bottom.

My step-Father, D. S. Grigsby, of Medicine Lodge, is a grand-nephew of Aaron Grigsby. The copy is in the family bible. The bible belonged to Nathaniel Grigsby, brother of Aaron. Nathaniel & Aaron and Abraham Lincoln were boys together. On one page of this bible, Lincoln wrote:

"And upon this act, I invoke the considerate judgement of mankind, and the gracious favor of the Almighty God.
A. Lincoln."

I wish I knew what act he was refering to. Maybe just the act of writing in the bible for his friend.

Nathaniel Grigsby, D. S. Grigsby's grandfather is buried at Attica, and his tombstone is rather a famous one. It has been mentioned in "The Saturday Evening Post, Ripley and one time while Truman was a senator, Mr. Sams, a monument man from Alva, sent a picture of the stone to Truman and when it was returned to Sams, Truman had written on it "Go to hell". I will inclose a copy of the inscription.

Sincerely yours

When Adam was Created
He dwelt in Eden's Shade.
As Moses has recorded,
And Soon a bride was made.

Ten thousand times ten thousand
Of Creatures Swarmed around
Before a bride was formed,
And yet no mate was found.

The Lord was not Willing
That Man Should be Alone
But caused a Sleep Upon him
And from him took a bone,

And Closed the flesh instead thereof,
And then he took the Same
And of it made a woman,
And brought her to the man.

Then Adam he rejoiced
To see his loving bride
A part of his own body
The proudest of his Side,

The woman was not taken
From Adam's feet we see,
So "he must not abuse her,
The Meaning seems to be."

The woman was not taken
From Adam's head, we know,
To Show She must not rule him-
"Tis evidently So.

The woman She was taken
From under Adam's Arm
So She must be protected
From injuries And harm.

This song was written by Lincoln when his only sister, Sarah Lincoln,
married Aaron Grigsby, and sang by the Lincoln family at the
wedding in Spencer Co. Indiana, 1862.

Lincoln was 17 years of age.

Through this inscription I wish to enter my dying protest against what is called the Democratic party. I have watched it closely since the days of Jackson and know that all the misfortunes of our nation has come to it, through this so called party, therefore beware of this party of treason.

Put on in fulfillment of promise to Deceased.

H. Gligsky died April 16, 1890 aged 78 years 6mo. 5 ds.

2nd Lieut. Co. G. 10th Ind. Cavy.



A new photograph of Abraham Lincoln, termed his "most superb likeness" by historian Stefan Lorant. It was made on Aug. 9, 1863, in Washington, D.C. (Look magazine via UPI)

Here's Lincoln, the poet

NEW YORK (UPI) — A newfound doggerel poem written by Abraham Lincoln while he was in high spirits over the Union victory at Gettysburg, an odd contrast to the somberness of the Gettysburg Address, was published Monday.

In an article in the current Look magazine, Lincoln expert Stefan Lorant said the poem was discovered this year in Brown University's John Hay (Lincoln's secretary) Collection by librarian David A. Jonah. It was tucked away in a folder marked "miscellaneous" with the notation "written Sunday Morning July 19, 1863, attest John Hay."

The date was about two weeks after Gen. Robert E. Lee's Gettysburg defeat. Lincoln titled the poem, "Gen. Lee's Invasion of the North, Written by Himself." It read:

In eighteen sixty three, with pomp and mighty swell

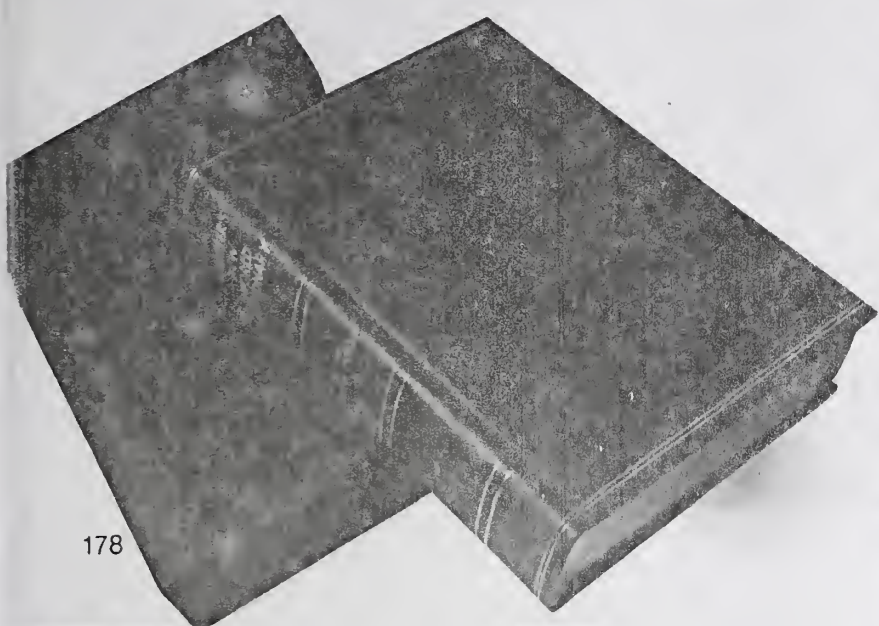
Me and Jeff's Confederacy, went forth to sack Phil. Del.

The Yankees got arter us, and gin us particular h-ll,

And we skedaddled back again, and didn't sack Phil. Del.

Accompanying the Lorant article was a never-before-published photograph of Lincoln taken by Alexander Gardner in Washington about a month after the Battle of Gettysburg. Lorant said the photo, which he describes as "his most superb likeness," was found among the effects of the late Clarence Hay, John Hay's son, who died in Paris earlier this year.

poetry

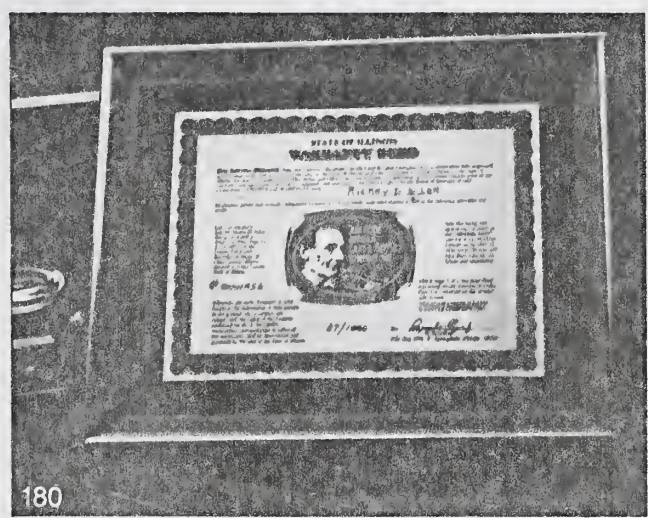


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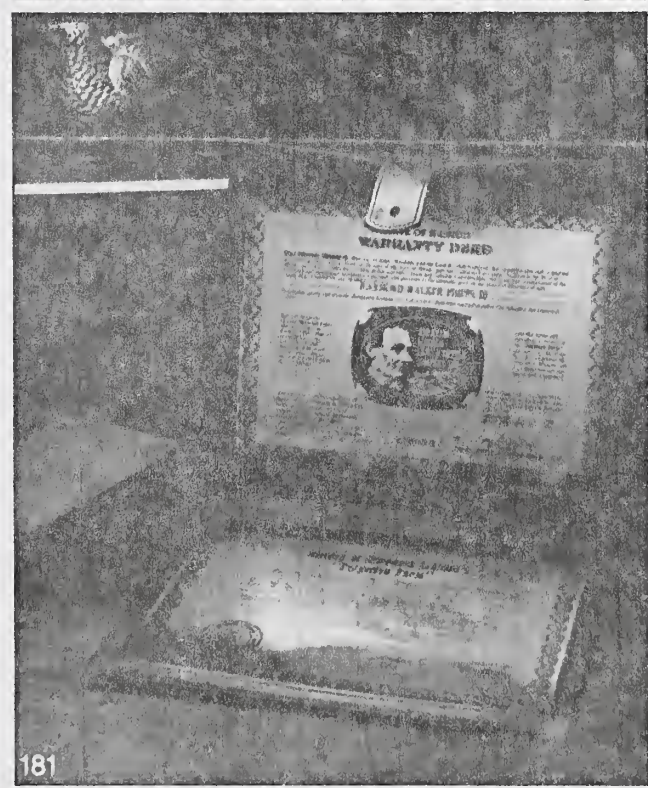


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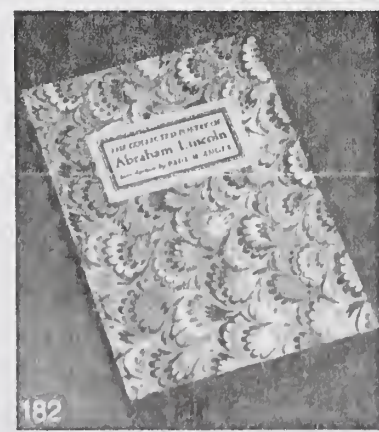
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180



181



182

FOR LINCOLN BUFFS

180, 181

Permanent replicas of documented
paper deeds to one square inch of
Lincoln's "Forgotten Farm". Your deed is
recorded with the Coles County, Illinois
State Clerk, and will be sent with a
certificate of authentication and a
history of the forty "lost" acres. 180.
Framed marble deed, 100.00 (2.60).
181. Copper deed in leather case, 300.00
(4.35). N-M exclusives. Stationery.

182

Numbered and signed, limited edition
volumes of Abraham Lincoln's poetry.
Only 300 are available. Compiled by
Paul M. Angle. 15.00 (1.20). Stationery.

*Neiman-Marcus
Christmas Book,
1977*

*Lincoln's Favorite
Poetry!*

Neiman-Marcus

THE NEW YORK TIMES, THURSDAY, APRIL 27, 1978

Auction Records Set By Revere Document

By RITA REIF

Malcolm Forbes, the publisher, set two autograph records at auction yesterday when he paid \$70,000 for Paul Revere's expense account. The figure was the highest ever paid at auction for an American autograph or a handwritten American document, exceeding, among other things, the \$54,000 paid at public sale in 1947 for the Gettysburg Address.

Mr. Forbes, who owns Forbes magazine, was jubilant after his bid at Sotheby Park Bernet, Madison Avenue at 76th Street, won the bill that Revere had written in January 1774. The expense sheet for £14 2 shillings was submitted following his second most famous ride to report to the Sons of Liberty in New York on the Boston Tea Party, and it was endorsed by John Hancock.

The jubilant Mr. Forbes, who remarked "How can you price history?" did not stop with the Revere. Twice, he passed the previous record of \$20,000 for an Abraham Lincoln letter with his purchases. In one of these letters, which sold to Mr. Forbes for \$30,000, Lincoln urges the recipient to hire two men, saying, "Wanting to work is so rare a want." In the other, for which Mr. Forbes paid \$31,000, Lincoln writes poems and describes a bear hunt.

Mr. Forbes's purchases stunned the audience at this sale and came to at

least \$228,000 when the 325 lots were dispersed and the sale's total of \$1.4 million was tallied. Many onlookers also thought Mr. Forbes had purchased the set of signers of the Declaration of Independence, which sold for another record, of \$195,000. But Mr. Forbes would not confirm nor deny making that purchase, which officially was made by Bruce Gimelson, a dealer from Chalfont, Pa. Mr. Gimelson sat directly behind Mr. Forbes and consulted with him throughout the sale.

The records Mr. Forbes helped rewrite were not the only new highs reached yesterday. The sale's total of \$1.4 million was the top figure ever recorded for an American-autograph sale. And, a spokesman for Sotheby's observed, the two sessions yesterday were just the beginning—there will be three more sales at least as large as this one later this year and next. All the material sold and to come was collected by the late Philip D. Sang, a Chicago ice-cream producer who also had interests in a drug-manufacturing concern.

David Kirschenbaum, a New York dealer who has been attending autograph sales for 60 years, and made many purchases yesterday, said that the Sang sale was "the greatest autograph she ever held in New York." John Fleming, a rare-book and autograph dealer, observed, "Let's hope this sale does what it sounds like—puts the spotlight on autographs and attracts new collectors."

THE COLLECTED WORKS OF
ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Copybook Verses¹
[1824-1826]

Abraham Lincoln
his hand and pen
he will be good but
god knows When²

Meter Abraham Lincoln his hand and pen he will be good
but god knows When Time What an emty vaper
tis and days how swift they are swift as an indian arr[ow]
fly on like a shooting star the presant moment Just [is here]
then slides away in h[as]te that we [can] never say they['re ours]
but [only say] th[ey]'re past³

Abraham Lincoln is my nam[e]
And with my pen I wrote the same
I wrote in both hast and speed
and left it here for fools to read

¹ AD, DLC-HW; AD, ORB; AD, owned by Justin Turner, Los Angeles, California. The original text of these verses appears on pages of Lincoln's self-made arithmetic book, which was given to William H. Herndon by Lincoln's step-mother Sarah Bush Johnston Lincoln. The sheets have been dispersed, and some of the original sheets have not been accounted for. Those which are known are reproduced in facsimile on the preceding pages.

Whether any of the verses were original with the boy Lincoln, has been questioned. His propensity for verse-making at this period is attested, however, by the tradition among the Spencer County, Indiana, citizens from whom Herndon gathered information. Mrs. Josiah Crawford provided from memory the so-called "Chronicles of Reuben," composed in parody of Biblical narrative and satirizing a neighborhood wedding, and a few satirical verses which were purported to have been made and circulated by Lincoln as a youth. Although Herndon speaks of the "Chronicles of Reuben" as having come to light in a manuscript in "Lincoln's handwriting," the only version Herndon seems to have had was the one written down by S. A. Crawford, as recited from memory by his mother, forty years after Lincoln was said to have composed them. Such a text has not seemed to the

SEPTEMBER 6, 1846

never to add the weight of his character to a charge against his fellow man, without *knowing* it to be true. I believe it is an established maxim in morals that he who makes an assertion without knowing whether it is true or false, is guilty of falsehood; and the accidental truth of the assertion, does not justify or excuse him. This maxim ought to be particularly held in view, when we contemplate an attack upon the reputation of our neighbor. I suspect it will turn out that Mr. Woodward got his information in relation to me, from Mr. Cartwright; and I here aver, that he, Cartwright, never heard me utter a word in any way indicating my opinions on religious matters, in his life.

It is my wish that you give this letter, together with the accompanying hand-bill, a place in your paper.⁶ Yours truly,

A. LINCOLN.

¹ *Illinois Gazette*, August 15, 1846. Ford was editor of the *Gazette*, published at Lacon, Illinois.

² Since the election was over (August 3), Lincoln's motive seems to have been to set the record straight, perhaps with an eye on his future political career. The issue of the *Gazette* for August 8 is not in the files of the Illinois State Historical Library.

³ Lincoln spoke in Lacon on July 18. His Democratic opponent, the Reverend Peter Cartwright, was the famed Methodist circuit rider. Dr. Robert Boal of Lacon, writing to Richard Yates on August 25, 1860, recalled this episode of the campaign in 1846, and commented, "Cartwright *sneaked* through this part of the district after Lincoln, and grossly misrepresented him." Yates MSS., IHI.

⁴ *Supra*, July 31, 1846.

⁵ Lincoln received 6,340 votes to Cartwright's 4,829 in the district as a whole, but in Marshall County he received only 250 against Cartwright's 323, and in adjacent Woodford County, 215 against Cartwright's 300.

⁶ The handbill was printed in the same column immediately following the letter, but by reason of its prior date, July 31, it will be found *supra*.

To Andrew Johnston¹

Friend Johns[t]on:²

Springfield, Sept. 6th. 1846

You remember when I wrote you from Tremont last spring,³ sending you a little canto of what I called poetry, I promised to bore you with another some time. I now fulfil the promise. The subject of the present one is an insane man. His name is Matthew Gentry. He is three years older than I, and when we were boys we went to school together. He was rather a bright lad, and the son of the rich man of our very poor neighbourhood. At the age of nineteen he unaccountably became furiously mad, from which condition he gradually settled down into harmless insanity. When, as I told you in my other letter I visited my old home in the fall of

¹ ALS, PHI.

² Lincoln misspells the name.

³ See letter of April 18, 1846, *supra*.

1844, I found
poetizing me
upon me. He

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⁴ Johnston published
1847. See letter of

SEPTEMBER 6, 1846

1844, I found him still lingering in this wretched condition. In my poetizing mood I could not forget the impressions his case made upon me. Here is the result—⁴

But here's an object more of dread
Than ought the grave contains—
A human form with reason fled,
While wretched life remains.

Poor Matthew! Once of genius bright,
A fortune-favored child—
Now locked for aye, in mental night,
A haggard mad-man wild.

Poor Matthew! I have ne'er forgot,
When first, with maddened will,
Yourself you maimed, your father fought,
And mother strove to kill;

When terror spread, and neighbours ran,
Your dangerous strength to bind;
And soon, a howling crazy man
Your limbs were fast confined.

How then you strove and shrieked aloud,
Your bones and sinews bared;
And fiendish on the gazing crowd,
With burning eye-balls glared—

And begged, and swore, and wept and prayed,
With maniac laugh[ter?] joined—
How fearful were those signs displayed
By pangs that killed thy mind!

And when at length, tho' drear and long,
Time soothed thy fiercer woes,
How plaintively thy mournful song
Upon the still night rose.

I've heard it oft, as if I dreamed,
Far distant, sweet, and lone—
The funeral dirge, it ever seemed
Of reason dead and gone.

⁴ Johnston published these stanzas anonymously in the *Quincy Whig*, May 5, 1847. See letter of February 25, 1847, *infra*.

SEPTEMBER 6, 1846

To drink it's strains, I've stole away,
All stealthily and still,
Ere yet the rising God of day
Had streaked the Eastern hill.

Air held his breath; trees, with the spell,
Seemed sorrowing angels round,
Whose swelling tears in dew-drops fell
Upon the listening ground.

But this is past; and nought remains,
That raised thee o'er the brute.
Thy piercing shrieks, and soothing strains,
Are like, forever mute.

Now fare thee well—more thou the *cause*,
Than *subject* now of woe.
All mental pangs, by time's kind laws,
Hast lost the power to know.

O death!⁵ Thou awe-inspiring prince,
That keepst the world in fear;
Why dost thou tear more blest ones hence,
And leave him ling'ring here?

If I should ever send another, the subject will be a "Bear hunt."
Yours as ever A. LINCOLN

⁵ This stanza, apparently written for this letter only, does not appear in the manuscript containing both cantos (*supra*, February 25?, 1846).

The Bear Hunt¹

[September 6, 1846?]

A wild-bear chace, didst never see?
Then hast thou lived in vain.
Thy richest bump of glorious glee,
Lies desert in thy brain.

When first my father settled here,
'Twas then the frontier line:
The panther's scream, filled night with fear
And bears preyed on the swine.

¹ AD, NNP. The probable date of this document is *circa* September 6, 1846, as indicated in the last paragraph of the preceding letter to Andrew Johnston. See also the letter to Johnston, *infra* February 25, 1847, note 3.

SEPTEMBER 6, 1846

But wo for Bruin's short lived fun,
When rose the squealing cry;
Now man and horse, with dog and gun,
For vengeance, at him fly.

A sound of danger strikes his ear;
He gives the breeze a snuff:
Away he bounds, with little fear,
And seeks the tangled *rough*.

On press his foes, and reach the ground,
Where's left his half munched meal;
The dogs, in circles, scent around,
And find his fresh made trail.

With instant cry, away they dash,
And men as fast pursue;
O'er logs they leap, through water splash,
And shout the brisk halloo.

Now to elude the eager pack,
Bear shuns the open ground;
Th[r]ough matted vines, he shapes his track
And runs it, round and round.

The tall fleet cur, with deep-mouthed voice,
Now speeds him, as the wind;
While half-grown pup, and short-legged fice,
Are yelping far behind.

And fresh recruits are dropping in
To join the merry *corps*:
With yelp and yell,—a mingled din—
The woods are in a roar.

And round, and round the chace now goes,
The world's alive with fun;
Nick Carter's horse, his rider throws,
And more, Hill drops his gun.

Now sorely pressed, bear glances back,
And lolls his tired tongue;
When as, to force him from his track,
An ambush on him sprung.

Bear hunt."
LINCOLN

appear in the

6, 1846, as
Lincoln. See

SEPTEMBER 6, 1846

Across the glade he sweeps for flight,
And fully is in view.
The dogs, new-fired, by the sight,
Their cry, and speed, renew.

The foremost ones, now reach his rear,
He turns, they dash away;
And circling now, the wrathful bear,
They have him full at bay.

At top of speed, the horse-men come,
All screaming in a row.
"Whoop! Take him Tiger. Seize him Drum."
Bang,—bang—the rifles go.

And furious now, the dogs he tears,
And crushes in his ire.
Wheels right and left, and upward rears,
With eyes of burning fire.

But leaden death is at his heart,
Vain all the strength he plies.
And, spouting blood from every part,
He reels, and sinks, and dies.

And now a dinsome clamor rose,
'Bout who should have his skin;
Who first draws blood, each hunter knows,
This prize must always win.

But who did this, and how to trace
What's true from what's a lie,
Like lawyers, in a murder case
They stoutly *argufy*.

Aforesaid fice, of blustering mood,
Behind, and quite forgot,
Just now emerging from the wood,
Arrives upon the spot.

With grinning teeth, and up-turned hair—
Brim full of spunk and wrath,
He growls, and seizes on dead bear,
And shakes for life and death.

OCTOBER 22, 1846

And swells as if his skin would tear,
And growls and shakes again;
And swears, as plain as dog can swear,
That he has won the skin.

Conceited whelp! we laugh at thee—
Nor mind, that not a few
Of pompous, two-legged dogs there be,
Conceited quite as you.

To William Brown¹

Dear Judge

Springfield, Octr. 22. 1846

I have just returned from Coles, where I saw Ficklin,² who handed me a note on Anthony Thornton³ and somebody else, with \$25— in money, which he directed me to pass over to you upon presentation of his receipt (for the note I suppose).

I want to get the matter off of my hands. What shall be done about it? Yours truly

A. LINCOLN

¹ ALS, owned by E. Warfield Brown, Jacksonville, Illinois. William Brown, law partner of Richard Yates at Jacksonville, Illinois, was successor to Stephen T. Logan as judge of the first circuit, but resigned in 1837 after serving four months.

² Orlando B. Ficklin, state representative from Coles County in 1838 and 1842, congressman from the third district elected in 1843, 1844, and 1846.

³ A Whig lawyer of Moultrie County.

To Joshua F. Speed¹

Dear Speed:

Springfield, Octr. 22nd. 1846

Owing to my absence,² yours of the 10th. Inst. was not received until yesterday. Since then I have been devoting myself to arive [*sic*] at a correct conclusion upon your matter of business. It may be that you do not precisely understand the nature and result of the suit against you and Bell's estate. It is a chancery suit, and has been brought to a final decree, in which, you are treated as a nominal party only. The decree is, that Bell's administrator pay the Nelson Fry debt, out of the proceeds of Bell's half of the store.³ So far, you are not injured; because you are released from the debt, without having paid any thing, and Hurst⁴ is in no way left liable

¹ ALS, ORB.

² Lincoln had been on the circuit attending court.

³ Nelson Fry got a judgment for \$810 against William H. Herndon, administrator of James Bell, and Joshua F. Speed, on July 28, 1846.

⁴ Charles R. Hurst who had bought Speed's interest in Bell & Company.



The Poetical Work of Lincoln.

Of late years, quite a number of poems written by Abraham Lincoln at various times of his life are coming to light, and judging from their wording, and the subject chosen, it is not at all hard to find that some of the poetical work was written in his earlier years, almost before his boyhood was fairly over. All ~~XXXXXXXX~~ through them there is a vein of sadness with but two or three exceptions, but every piece that has been found of Lincoln's work, is written for a fine regard of the English language, both in style and construction.

The best known effort in Lincoln's verse writing, "The Bear Hunt" has been widely printed and circulated both in America, and in some of the foreign countries where the name of "The Greatest American" is revered.

Other poems have also appeared, but one of the choicest bits of Lincoln verse was recently printed by the Dearborn Independent, after they had been noted in several of the numerous biographies of Lincoln.

The poem seemed so commonplace that Lincoln never troubled himself to give the poem a title, but the beautiful sentiments expressed in a quaint old fashioned way, with their rhyme and intention seem to grip the innermost feelings of all that read them, and especially to those who have come to the sunset side of Life's Mountain, there is a personal, Appeal that cannot be excelled.

" My Childhood's home I see again and sadden with the view;
And still as memory crowds my brain, there's pleasure in it too.
Oh Memory! Thou midway world 'Twixt earth and paradise
Where things decayed and loved ones lost in dreamy shadows rise.

And, freed from all that's earthly vile, seem hallowed, pure and bright
Like scenes in some enchanted isle all bathed in liquid light
As dusky mountains please the eye when twilight chases day:
As bugle notes, that, passing by, in distance die away

As leaving some grand waterfall, we, lingering, list its roar-
So, Memory will hallow all we've known, but know no more.
Near twenty years have passed away since here I bid farewell
To woods and fields, and scenes of ~~my~~ play, and playmates loved so well.

Where many were, but few remain of old familiar things
But seeing them, to mind again the lost and absent ~~my~~ brings.
The friends I left that parting day, how change as time has sped.
Young childhood grown-- Strong manhood gray, and half of all are dead.

I hear the loved survivors tell how naught from death could save
Till every sound appears a knell, and every spot a grave.
I range the fields with pensive tread, and pace the hollow rooms,
And feel, companions of the dead, I'm living in the tombs.

When one stands in the entrance of the great Memorial in Washington, D.C. and looks up into the face of the tired thoughtful man sitting in the chair with such utter abandon, it is not hard to become imbued with that wonderful principle which he laid down so plainly, WITH MALICE TOWARD NONE-- WITH CHARITY FOR ALL.

Lincoln as a Versifier.

T. J. McMunn, of San Antonio, Tex., says: "An old friend of mine named Cabaniss recently told me that Abraham Lincoln worked for his father in 1832. At that time a great rise occurred in the Sangamon river, and a steamboat, taking advantage of the high water, came up the stream. My friend was then a child, and the whistling of the boat frightened him. Lincoln, then a tall, angular young man, took him in his arms and carried him aboard the boat. After the departure of the craft Lincoln wrote some rhymes about the incident, one verse of which the Cabaniss family preserved. It runs thus

"The Illinois Suckers, green and raw
Collected on the Sangamaw
To see a boat come up the stream,
They surely thought it was a dream.

"For this doggerel he invented a melody, and he and others sang it. The song never found its way into print. The elder Cabaniss always told his children that the amiable, kindly Lincoln would develop into a great man."

The destiny of our beloved Country
Now rests with you, good people; cherish it;
This Government is yours! Your Senators
And Representatives are but your servants;
Your President is but your servant too!

George Washington foresaw this rugged race
Might spread across this Western Continent;
And Jefferson bought all that fertile Valley,
That has become the heart of this great Nation.
America must grow in peace and honor;
Oru land must grow by treaty and fair/purchase.
And all new peoples, joining with our own,
Must have an equal voice in all our laws.

This is your Country; it will be your childreⁿs':
Make America Great,
Make America Strong,
Make America Independent,
Make America Continental!

Not by force, not by threats,
Not by arms, not by wars, -
But by true Friendship
And Benevolence,
By Faith in Right, and Charity
To all Mankind,
By honest dealing and fair trade,
By keeping Faith and Treaties,
And above all, by fair Example
In good and honest Government.

Let every Man~~x~~ and Woman have a voice
In every major policy of state,
If we must have elections every year.
Let us have Representatives
Who truly represent the People;
Let us send Men of Honor, Men of Trust,
Men of Ability to serve, -
Men who think only of their people,
And Men who love their Country over all!

We have good Neighbors to the North and South:
Canadians, you know, are like our brothers;
We want no barrier, no wall, no fence;
They are our kinsmen, a good hardy race.
The Mexicans are not far distant cousins;
They come from a once mighty race of Spain
And from the first and true Americans;
They are a noble race, but long oppressed,
But now they know the honeyed fruit of freedom,
And we can help them to maintain its blessings;
They need our aid. We need their trade and friendship.
And now, good friends, farewell, - God bless you,
God bless our Country, and our friendly neighbors.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S best-known venture in verse-writing, "The Bear Hunt," has had wide circulation. The less familiar verses quoted below are reprinted, from several of the numerous biographies, by *The Dearborn Independent*. Lincoln never bothered to give this poem a title, and its rime, meter, and spirit seem as old-fashioned as the clothes he wore, but occasional lines hint at the supreme poetry which was later to reach immortality in the Gettysburg address:

My childhood's home I see again
And sadden with the view;
And still, as memory crowds my brain
There's pleasure in it too.

O Memory! thou midway world
'Twixt earth and paradise,
Where things decayed and loved ones lost
In dreamy shadows rise,

And, freed from all that's earthly vile,
Seen hallowed, pure, and bright,
Like scenes in some enchanted isle
All bathed in liquid light.

As dusky mountains please the eye
When twilight chases day;
As bugle-notes, that, passing by,
In distance die away;

As leaving some grand waterfall,
We, lingering, list its roar—
So memory will hallow all
We've known, but know no more.

Near twenty years have passed away
Since here I bid farewell
To woods and fields, and scenes of play,
And playmates loved so well.

Where many were, but few remain
Of old familiar things;
But seeing them, to mind again
The lost and absent brings.

The friends I left that parting day,
How changed, as time has sped!
Young childhood grown, strong manhood gray,
And half of all are dead.

I hear the loved survivors tell
How naught from death could save,
Till every sound appears a knell,
And every spot a grave.

I range the fields with pensive tread,
And pace the hollow rooms,
And feel (companion of the dead)
I'm living in the tombs.

Abraham Lincoln As a Poet

A BRAHAM LINCOLN as a youth is known traditionally as a serious student, a hard-working log-splitter and a fellow who wrote his lessons by firelight, with charcoal, on a piece of board.

Now it appears that Abraham also was something of a poet and singer of sentimental songs.

When Abraham's sister Sarah married Aaron Grigsby, Aug. 2, 1826, at Gentryville, Spencer county, Indiana, the entire Lincoln family sang a song, the verse of which was composed by the lad, then 17 years old, who later was to become the Great Emancipator.

Writing about the wedding, 40 years later, Mrs. Elizabeth Crawford, who attended the rather noisy affair, noted that young Abraham used to sing the verse and that it was "sung at Abraham's sister's wedding."

"I do not know a linkern (Lincoln) composed this song or not," she wrote. "The first that I ever heard it was the linkern family sung it. I rather think A L composed it himself but I am not certain. I know that he was in the habit of making songs and singing of them."

Despite Mrs. Crawford's uncertainty, historians generally agree that the poem, which appears at the right, was of Lincoln's composing.

Sarah Lincoln was 19 at the time of her marriage. She died a year and a half later in child birth.



ADAM AND EVE'S WEDDING SONG

By Abraham Lincoln

When Adam was created,
He dwelt in Eden's shade,
As Moses has recorded,
And soon an Eve was made.

Ten thousand times ten thousand
Of creatures swarmed around
Before a bride was formed,
And yet no mate was found.

The Lord then was not willing
The man should be alone,
But caused a sleep upon him,
And took from him a bone,

And closed the flesh in that place
of;
And then he took the same,
And of it made a woman,
And brought her to the man.

Then Adam he rejoiced
To see his loving bride,
A part of his own body,
The product of his side.

This woman was not taken
From Adam's feet, we see;
So he must not abuse her,
The meaning seems to be.

This woman was not taken
From Adam's head, we know;
To show she must not rule him,
'Tis evidently so.

This woman she was taken
From under Adam's arm;
So she must be protected
From injuries and harm.

ADAM AND EVE'S WEDDING SONG, MY CHILDHOOD'S HOME, and
INSANITY along with an article on Lincoln's poetry
appear in Robinson's LINCOLN AS A MAN OF LETTERS -
Pages 324~~5~~-331

THINGS are not what they seem, of course; but why should Mr. James Raymond Perry devote himself, in the February North American Review, to the task of proving that the prose of Abraham Lincoln is poetry? Mr. Perry insists that Lincoln's later addresses, "wholly unrhymed, of course, and not intentionally metrical, seem surcharged with poetry." He cites this example from the Gettysburg address:

That from these honored dead we take increased
Devotion to that cause for which they gave
The last full measure of devotion; that * * *

Mr. Perry does well to present this as his first selection from the verse of Lincoln, for it is the only one out of his multitude of citations that well serves his purpose. When we come to a verse-form arrangement of the letter to Mrs. Bixley, and find

I have been shown in the files of the War Department
A statement of the Adjutant General of Massachusetts,

we are forced to confess that it does not "make a noise" like verse. Mr. Lincoln had a sense of the cadence and harmony of our English speech. With that gift and under that influence he wrote noble and melodious prose. Why not accept it as he wrote it? Does it make his thought finer or more impressive to rearrange his lines, "not intentionally metrical," in a form foreign to his intent? Laying our own hand somewhat rudely upon the language of another writer, we may ask:

Poetry, we grant you, is no empty boast,
But shall the dignity of prose be lost?

dup

Lincoln, Abraham

ADAM AND EVE'S WEDDING SONG

"When Adam was created,"

*Adam and Eve's Wedding
Song by Lincoln.*

A boyhood verse generally presumed to have been written by Lincoln, was this:

When Adam was created,
He dwelt in Eden's shade,
As Moses has recorded,
And soon an Eve was made.

Ten thousand times ten thousand
Of creatures swarmed around
Before a bride was formed,
And yet no mate was found.

The Lord then was not willing
The man should be alone,
But causes a sleep upon him,
And took from him a bone,

And closed the flesh in that place of;
And then he took the same,
And of it made a woman,
And brought her to the man.

Then Adam he rejoiced
To see his loving bride,
A part of his own body,
The product of his side.

This woman was not taken
From Adam's feet, we see;
So he must not abuse her,
The meaning seems to be.

This woman was not taken
From Adam's head, we know;
To show she must not rule him,
'Tis evidently so.

This woman she was taken
From under Adam's arm;
So she must be protected
From injuries and harm.

EMANCIPATOR'S POEMS GIVE NEW SIDELIGHT

Verses Betray Qualities That
Resulted in Masterpieces
Like Gettysburg Address.

BY WILLIAM WEBSTER ELLSWORTH.

(Author of "A Golden Age of Authors," and of the lectures "Abraham Lincoln, Boy and Man," "Theodore Roosevelt, American," "Forty Years of Publishing," etc.)

How very different American history might have been if Abraham Lincoln had been so seriously stricken by the poetry microbe as to decide to give his life to writing poetry! Fortunately for his country it seems to have been only a passing phase. Doubtless he saw, as so many of the rest of us have seen (and some, alas! have not) that what he wrote was only a sort of reflection of what he had read, with no originality, no new thought in it, or beauty of phrase or rhythm or rhyme. And he gave it up.

George Washington wrote verse when he was a young man—shockingly bad verse it was, too, full of gods and cupids and the pains of love, as was much in vogue in his day. Lincoln's verse was redolent of sorrow and the grave in at least two known examples. The third, "The Bear Hunt," was more cheerful.

Lincoln was a grown man at the time, a lawyer, 35 years of age. He sent at least three of his poems to a friend. And in sending the first he shows his appreciation of a piece of verse, which he had sent before and of which he says: "Beyond all question I am not the author. I would give all I am worth and go in debt to be able to write so fine a piece as I think that is. Neither do I know who is the author."

Cared Much for Poetry.

This shows how much he cared for poetry. All through his life he loved it, and he could repeat from beginning to end the verses "Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?" and he knew a great deal of Shakespeare, quoting often from the plays when entertaining theatrical people at the white house.

In a letter dated April 18, 1846, he sent his first known poem to "Friend Johnston," as he calls him, and gives the circumstances of its writing as follows:

"In the fall of 1844, thinking I might aid some to carry the state of Indiana for Mr. Clay, I went into the neighborhood in that state, in which I was raised, where my mother and only sister were buried, and from which I had been absent about fifteen years.

"That part of the country is, within itself, as unpoetical as any spot of the earth; but, still, seeing it and its objects and inhabitants aroused feelings in me which were certainly poetry; though whether my expression of those feelings is poetry is quite another question. When I got to writing, the change of

subject divided the thing into four little divisions or cantos, the first only of which I send you now, and may send the others hereafter."

"Childhood's Memories."

These are some of the lines to which he refers:

My childhood's home I see again.
And sadden with the view:
And still, as memory crowds my brain,
There's pleasure in them, too.

O Memory! thou midway world
Twixt earth and paradise,
Where things decayed and loved ones lost
In dreamy shadows rise.

And, freed from all that's earthly vile,
Seem hallowed, pure and bright,
Like scenes in some enchanted isle
All bathed in liquid light.

As dusky mountains please the eye
When twilight chases day;
As bugle notes that, passing by,
In distance die away:

As leaving some grand waterfall
We, lingering, list its roar—
So memory will hallow all
We've known but know no more.

Near twenty years have passed away
Since here I bide farewell
To woods and fields and scenes of play,
And playmates loved so well.

Where many were, but few remain.
Of old familiar things;
But seeing them to mind again
The lost and absent brings.

The friends I left that parting day,
How changed, as time has sped!
Young childhood grown, strong manhood gray,
And half of all are dead.

I hear the loved survivors tell
How nought from death could save.
Till every sound appears a knell
And every spot a grave.

I range the fields with pensive tread,
And pace the hollow rooms,
And feel (companion of the dead),
I'm living in the tombs.

"Insanity."

Five months later, Sept. 6, 1846, writing from Springfield, Ill., Mr. Lincoln sent another piece of verse to his step-brother, writing as follows:

"You remember when I wrote you from Tremont last spring, sending you a little canto of what I called poetry, I promised to bore you with another some time. I now fulfill the promise. The subject of the present one is an insane man; his name is Matthew Gentry. He is three years older than I, and when we were boys we went to school together. He was rather a bright lad, and the son of a rich man of a very poor neigh-

borhood. At the age of 19 he unaccountably became furiously mad, from which condition he gradually settled down into harmless insanity. When, as I told you in my other letter, I visited my old home in the fall of 1844, I found him still lingering in this wretched condition. In my poetizing mood I could not forget the impression his case made upon me. Here is the result:

But here's an object more of dread
Than ought the grave contains—
A human form with reason fled,
While wretched life remains

When terror sorcad and neighbors ran
Your dangerous strength to bind
And soon, a howling, crazy man,
Your limbs were fast confined.

How then you strove and shrieked aloud,
Your bones and sinews bared:
And fiendish on the gazing crowd
With burning eyeballs glared.

And begged and swore and wept and prayed,
With maniac laughter joined:
How fearful were these signs displayed
By pangs that killed the mind!

And when at length the drear and long
Time soothed thy fiercer woes,
How plaintively thy mournful song
Upon the still night rose!

I've heard it oft as if I dreamed,
Far distant, sweet and lone,
The funeral dirge it ever seemed
Of reason dead and gone.

To drink its strains I've stole away
All stealthily and still.
Ere yet the rising rod of day
Had streaked the eastern hill.

Air held her breath: trees with the spell
Seemed sorrowing angels round.
Whose swelling tears in dewdrops fell
Upon the listening ground.

But this past, and nought remains
That raised thee o'er the brute:
Thy piercing shrieks and soothing strains
Are like, forever mute.

Now fare thee well! More than the cause
Than subject now of woe.
All mental pangs by time's kind laws
Hast lost the power to know.

O Jeath! thou awe-inspiring prince
That keenest the world in fear,
Why dost thou tear more blest ones hence,
And leave him lingering here?

"Bear Hunt," a Morgan Treasure.

"If I should ever send another," writes Mr. Lincoln to "Friend Johnston," "the subject will be a 'Bear Hunt.'"

The original manuscript of this third poem of Mr. Lincoln's is one of the treasures of the Pierpont Morgan library. With it is preserved a letter from Andrew Johnston (not the vice-president with Lincoln—he was Andrew Johnson), dated Richmond, Va., Aug. 11, 1869, in which he gives a brief history of the poem:

"Some time since Dr. Barney asked

me if I could give him an autograph of Mr. Lincoln. Having a few letters and one or two copies of verses, I selected one of the letters, with which he was much pleased; and about a month ago he published it in the Evening News, where it attracted the attention of some others, an original composition of Mr. Lincoln being something of a novelty. The subject was a return to his native place in Kentucky, and his reflection thereon.

"It has occurred to me that perhaps you might like to save something similar, and I therefore inclose you the only other paper in my possession, the subject being 'The Bear Hunt.' It is the composition of Mr. Lincoln himself, and wholly written by him; the endorsement on the back only excepted; and it was sent to me by him, though I do not find the accompanying letter. Possibly that may have related also to some matter of business.

"I am very truly yours,

"ANDREW JOHNSTON.

"To Thomas H. Wynne, Esq., Richmond, Va."

"The Bear Hunt" is not great poetry, but Abraham Lincoln had the real thing within him. The second inaugural and the Gettysburg address contain such poetical thoughts as few of the world's greatest poets have had within their souls.

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LINES BY LINCOLN.

LINCOLN, Neb., April 17.—To the Editor of The State Journal: It is not generally known that Lincoln ever wrote verse, but the lines entitled "Memory," show that his gifts in this direction were by no means insignificant. Would it not be appropriate, this being the anniversary of his tragic death, to reproduce them in the columns of The Journal.

Yours truly,

W. A. DOGGETT.

MEMORY.

My childhood I see again.

And sadden with the view;
And still, as memory crowds my brain,
There's pleasure in it, too.

O memory! thou midway world
'Twixt earth and paradise,
Where things decayed and loved one lost
In dreamy shadows rise.

And, freed from all that's earthly vile,
Seem hallowed, pure and bright,
Like scenes in some enchanted isle
All bathed in liquid light.

As dusky mountains please the eye
When twilight chases day;
As bugle notes that passing by,
In distance die away.

As leaving some grand waterfall,
We lingering list its roar,
So memory will hallow all
We've known, and know no more.

—Abraham Lincoln.

MEMORIES OF CHILDHOOD.

(From a letter by Abraham Lincoln to
Johnston, Tremont,
April 18, 1846.)

"The piece of poetry of my own which I alluded to, I was led to write under the following circumstances. In the fall of 1844, thinking I might aid some to carry the state of Indiana for Mr. Clay. I went into the neighborhood in that state in which I was raised, where my mother and only sister were buried, and from which I had been absent about 15 years. That part of the country is, within itself, as unpoetical as any spot of the earth; but still, seeing it and its objects and inhabitants, aroused feeling in me which were certainly poetry: though whether my expression of those feeling is poetry is quite another question. When I got to writing, the change of subject divided the thing into four little divisions or cantos, the first only of which I send you now, and may send the others hereafter."

MY CHILDHOOD HOME.

My childhood's home I see again,
And sadden with the view;
And still, as memory crowds my brain,
There's pleasure in it too.

O memory! thou midway world
'Twixt earth and paradise,
Where things decayed and loved ones
lost
In dreamy shadows rise,

And, freed from all that's earthly vile,
Seem hallowed, pure and bright,
Like scenes in some enchanted isle
All bathed in liquid light.

As dusky mountains please the eye
When twilight chases day;
As bugle-notes that, passing by,
In distance die away;

As leaving some grand waterfall,
We, lingering, list its roar—
So memory will hallow all
We've known, but know no more.

Near twenty years have passed away
Since here I bid farewell
To woods and fields, and scenes of
play,
And playmates loved so well.

Where many were, but few remain
Of old familiar things;
But seeing them, to mind again
The lost and absent brings.

The friends I left that parting day,
How changed, as time has fled!
Young childhood grown, strong man-
hood gray,
And half of all are dead.

I hear the loved survivors tell
How naught from death could save,
Till every sound appears a knell,
And every spot a grave.

I range the fields with pensive tread,
And pace the hollow rooms,
And feel (companions of the dead)
I'm living in the tombs.



Visit to His Boyhood Home

Inspired Lincoln to V

Sentimental Side of Civil War President Is Revealed in a New V
Literary Curiosities—A lover of Good Poetry, He Realized His
Efforts Had No Merit, and, so Far as Known, Attempted Only
Rhymed Compositions.

By WILLIAM WEBSTER ELLSWORTH.

HOW very different American history might have been if Abraham Lincoln had been so seriously stricken by the poetry microbe as to decide to devote his life to writing poetry! Fortunately for his country it seems to have been only a passing phase. Doubtless he saw, as so many of the rest of us have seen (and some, alas! have not) that what he wrote was only a sort of reflection of what he had read, with no originality, no new thought in it, or beauty of phrase or rhythm or rhyme. And he gave it up.

George Washington wrote verse when he was a young man, shockingly bad verse it was, too, full of gods and cupids and the pains of love, as was much in vogue in his day. Lincoln's verse was redolent of sorrow and the grave in at least two known examples. The third, "The Bear Hunt," was more cheerful.

Lincoln was a grown man at the time, a lawyer, 35 years old. He sent at least three of his poems to a friend. And in sending the first he shows his appreciation of a piece of verse which he had sent before and of which he says: "Beyond all question I am not the author. I would give all I am worth and go in debt, to be able to write so

hood in that state in which I was raised, where my mother and only sister were buried, and from which I had been absent about fifteen years.

"That part of the country is, within itself, as unpoetical as any spot of the earth; but still, seeing it and its objects and inhabitants aroused feelings in me which were certainly poetry; though whether my expression of those feelings is poetry is quite another question. When I got to writing, the change of subject divided the thing into four little divisions or cantos, the first only of which I send you now, and may send the others hereafter." (The fourth either never was written or has been lost.)

These are some of the lines to which he refers:

My childhood's home I see again,
And sadden with the view;
And still, as memory crowds my brain,
There's pleasure in them too.

As dusky mountains please the eye
When twilight chases day;
As bugle notes that, passing by,
In distance die away;

As leaving some grand waterfall,
We, lingering, list its roar—
So memory will hallow all
We've known but know no more.

Near twenty years have passed away
Since here I bled farewell

The subject of the present one is an insane man; his name is Matthew Gentry. He is three years older than I, and when we were boys we went to school together. He was rather a bright lad, and the son of a rich man of a very poor neighborhood. At the

fine a piece as I think that is. Neither do I know who is the author."

LOVED GOOD POETRY.

This shows how much he cared for poetry. All through his life he loved it, and he could repeat from beginning to end the verses "Oh why should the spirit of mortal be found?" and he knew a great deal of Shakespeare, quoting often from the plays when entertaining theatrical people at the White House.

In a letter dated April 18, 1846, he sent his first known poem to "Friend Johnston," as he calls him, and gives the circumstances of its writing as follows:

"In the fall of 1844, thinking I might aid some to carry the state of Indiana for Mr. Clay, I went into the neighbor

age of 19 he unaccountably became furiously mad, from which condition he gradually settled down into harmless insanity. When, as I told you in my other letter, I visited my old home in the fall of 1844, I found him still lingering in this wretched condition. In my poetizing mood, I could not forget the impression his case made upon me."

Here is part of the "poem:"

But here's an object more of dread /
Than aught the grave contains—
A human form with reason fled,
While wretched life remains.

When terror spread, and neighbors ran
Your dangerous strength to bind,
And soon, a howling, crazy man,
Your limbs were fast confined;

How then you strove and shrieked aloud,
Your bones and sinews bared;
And fiendish on the gazing crowds
With burning eyeballs glared;

And begged and swore, and wept and prayed,
With maniac laughter joined;
How fearful were these signs displayed
By pangs that killed the mind!

And when at length the drear and long
Time soothed thy fiercer woes,
How plaintively thy mournful song
Upon the still night rose!

I've heard it oft as if I dreamed,
Far distant, sweet and lone,
The funeral dirge it ever seemed
O reason dead and gone.

"If I should ever send another," writes Mr. Lincoln to "Friend Johnston," "the subject will be a 'Bear Hunt.'"

HISTORY OF "BEAR HUNT" VERSES.

The original manuscript of this third poem of Mr. Lincoln is one of the treasures of the Pierpont Morgan library. With it is preserved a letter from Andrew Johnston (not the vice-president with Lincoln—he was Andrew Johnson), dated Richmond, Va., August 11, 1869, in which he gives a brief history of the poem:

"Some time since, Dr. Barney asked me if I could give him an autograph of Mr. Lincoln. Having a few letters, and one or two copies of verses, I selected one of the latter, with which he was much pleased, and about a month ago he published it in the Evening News, where it attracted the attention of some others, an original composition of Mr.

Lincoln being something of a novelty. The subject was a return to his native place in Kentucky, and his reflections thereon.

"It has occurred to me that perhaps you might like to have something similar, and I therefore enclose you the only other paper in my possession, the subject being 'The Bear Hunt.' It is the composition of Mr. Lincoln himself, and wholly written by him; the indorsement on the back only excepted; and it was sent to me by him, though I do not find the accompanying letter. Possibly, that may have related also to some matter of business.

"I am very truly yours,

"ANDREW JOHNSTON.

"To Thomas H. Wynne, Esq.,

Richmond, Va."

The full text of "The Bear Hunt," is given herewith. The text is taken from the original manuscript through the courtesy of the J. Pierpont Morgan library in New York. The spelling is the same as that in the original manuscript. The "short-legged fice" in the eighth stanza means a spaniel or other pet dog.

The Bear Hunt.

By ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

A wild-bear chase, didst ever see?
Then hast thou lived in vain—
Thy richest bump of glorious glee
Lies desert in thy brain.

When first my father settled here
'Twas then the frontier line;
The panther's scream filled night with fear
And bears preyed on the swine—

But wo for Bruin's short-lived fun,
When rose the squealing cry;
Now man and horse, with dog and gun,
For vengeance at him fly—

A sound of danger strikes his ear,
He gives the breeze a snuff;
Away he bounds, with little fear,
And seeks the tangled rough.

On press his toes, and reach the ground
Where's left his half-munched meal;
The dogs, in circles, scent around,
And find his fresh-made trail—

With instant cry away they dash,
And men as fast pursue;
O'er logs they leap, through water splash,
And shout the brisk halloo—

Now to elude the eager pack,
Bear shuns the open ground;
Through matted vines he shapes his track
And runs it, round and round—

The tall fleet cur, with deep-mouthed voice,
Now speeds him as the wind;
While half-grown pup, and short-legged fice,
Are yelping far behind.

And fresh recruits are dropping in
To join the merry corps;
With yelp and yell—a mingled din—
The woods are in a roar—

And round and round the chase now goes,
The world's alive with fun;
Nick Carter's horse his rider throws,
And Mose Hill drops his gun—

Now sorely pressed, bear glances back,
And lolls his tired tongue;
When is, to force him from his track,
An ambush on him sprung—

Across the glade he sweeps for flight,
And fully is in view—
The dogs, new-fired by the sight,
Their cry, and speed, renew—

The foremost ones now reach his rear;
He turns, they dash away,
And circling now, the wrathful bear,
They have him full at bay—

At top of speed the horsemen come,
All screaming in a row—
"Whoop! Take him Tiger—Seize him
Drum!"

Bang-bang—the rifles go—

And furious now, the dogs he tears,
And crushes in his ire—
Wheels right and left, and upward rears,
With eyes of burning fire—

To woods and fields, and scenes of play,
And playmates loved so well.

Where many were, but few remain
Of old familiar things;
But seeing them to mind again
The lost and absent brings.

I range the fields with pensive tread,
And pace the hollow rooms,
And feel (companion of the dead)
I'm living in the tombs.

INSANE MAN INSPIRED VERSE.

Five months later, September 6, 1846,
writing from Springfield, Ill., Mr. Lin-
coln sent another piece of verse to his
stepbrother, writing as follows:

"You remember when I wrote you
from Tremont last spring, sending you
a little canto of what I called poetry,
I promised to bore you with another
some time. I now fulfill the promise.

But leaden death is at his heart,
Vain all the strength he plies.
And, spouting blood from every part,
He reels, and sinks, and dies—

And now a dinsonic clamor rose,
'Bout who should have his skin;
Who first draws blood, each hunter knows
This prize must always win—

But who did this, and how to trace
What's true from what's a lie.
Like lawyers in a murder case,
They stoutly argufy.

Aforesaid fice, of blustering mood,
Behind, and quite forgot,
Just now emerging from the wood,
Arrives upon the spot—

With grinning teeth, and upturned hair—
Brim full of spunk and wrath—
He growls, and seizes on dead bear,
And shakes for life and death—

And swells as if his skin would tear,
And growls and shakes again;
And swears, as plain as dog can swear,
That he has won the skin—

"Conceited whelp! We laugh at thee—
Ner mind that not a few
Of pompous, two-legged dogs there be
Conceited quite as you.

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ABRAHAM LINCOLN AT THE TIME HE
WROTE VERSE. (From a Daguerrotype
Made in New York and Now in the Collection
of William W. Emsworth.)

*A wild bear chase, dost never see?
Then hast thou lived in vain—
Thy richest bump of glorious glees
Lies desert in thy brain!*

*When first my father scattered here,
Twas there the panther came;
The panther's scream, filled night with fear,
And bears preyed on the same—*

*But we for Brim's shot lived free,
When rose the Squealing cry;
Now man and horse, with dog and gun,
For vengeance, at him fly—*

*A sound of danger strikes his ear,
He gives the bear a snuff;
Away he bounds with little fear,
And seeks the tangled tangle.*

*On press his foes, and reach the spot
Where's left his half-munched meal;
The dogs, in circle, scent around,
And find his fresh-made trail—*

*With instant cry away they dash,
And men as fast pursue;
On legs they leap, through water splash,
And shout the brisk halloo—*

FACSIMILE OF THE FIRST SIX STANZAS OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S "THE BEAR HUNT"
AS SENT TO HIS FRIEND ANDREW JOHNSTON. (Courtesy of the J. Pierpont Mor-
gan Library, owner of the original manuscript.)

LINCOLN LORE

Bulletin of the Lincoln National Life Foundation - - - - - Dr. Louis A. Warren, Editor.
Published each week by The Lincoln National Life Insurance Company, of Fort Wayne, Indiana.

FORT WAYNE, INDIANA

REMINISCENCES OF MY BOYHOOD DAYS—A. LINCOLN

In the Fall of 1844, I went into the neighborhood in which I was raised, where my mother and only sister were buried, and from which I had been absent about fifteen years. That part of the country is within itself as unpoetical as any spot on the earth, but still, seeing it and its objects and inhabitants, aroused feelings in me which were certainly poetry, though whether my expression of those feelings is poetry is quite another question. This piece of poetry of my own I was led to write:

My childhood's home I see again,
And sadden with the view
And still, as memory crowds my brain,
There's pleasure in it too.

O Memory! thou midway world
'Twixt earth and paradise,
Where things decayed and loved ones lost
In dreamy shadows rise.

And, freed from all that's earthly vile,
Seem hallowed, pure, and bright,
Like scenes in some enchanted isle
All bathed in liquid light.

As dusky mountains please the eye
When twilight chases day;
As bugle-notes that, passing by,
In distance die away.

As leaving some grand waterfall,
We, lingering, list its roar—
So memory will hallow all
We've known, but know no more.

Near twenty years have passed away
Since here I bid farewell
To woods and fields, and scenes of play,
And playmates loved so well.

Where many were, but few remain
Of old familiar things;
But seeing them, to mind again
The lost and absent brings.

The friends I left that parting day,
How changed, as time has sped!
Young childhood grown, strong manhood gray,
And half of all are dead.

I hear the loved survivors tell
How naught from death could save,
Till every sound appears a knell,
And every spot a grave.

I range the fields with pensive tread,
And pace the hollow rooms,
And feel (companion of the dead)
I'm living in the tombs.

When I visited my old home in the Fall of 1844 I found an insane man, Matthew Gentry, still lingering in this wretched condition. He is three years older than I, and when we were boys we went to school together. He was rather a bright lad, and the son of a rich man of a very poor neighborhood. At the age of nineteen he unaccountably became furiously mad, from which condition he gradually settled down into harmless insanity. In my poetizing mood, I could not forget the impression his case made upon me. Here is the result:

But here's an object more of dread
Than aught the grave contains—
The human form with reason fled.
While wretched life remains.

When terror spread, and neighbors ran
Your dangerous strength to blind,
And soon, a howling, crazy man,
Your limbs were fast confined:

How then you strove and shrieked aloud,
Your bones and sinews bared;
And fiendish on the gazing crowd
With burning eyeballs glared:

And begged and swore, and wept and prayed
With maniac laughter joined;
How fearful were these signs displayed
By pangs that killed the mind!

And when at length the drear and long
Time soothed thy fiercer woes,
How plaintively thy mournful song
Upon the still night rose!

I've heard it oft as if I dreamed,
Far distant, sweet and lone,
The funeral dirge it ever seemed
Of reason dead and gone.

To drink its strains I've stolc away,
All stealthily and still,
Ere yet the rising god of day
Had streaked the eastern hill.

Air held her breath; trees with the spell
Seemed sorrowing angels round,
Whose swelling tears in dewdrops fell
Upon the listening ground.

But this is past, and naught remains
That raised thee o'er the brute;
Thy piercing shrieks and soothing strain
Are like, forever mute.

Now fare thee well! More thou the cause
Than subject now of woe.
All mental pangs by time's kind laws
Hast lost the power to know.

O death! Thou awe-inspiring prince
That keepst the world in fear,
Why dost thou tear more blest ones hence,
And leave him lingering here?

Another, the subject a "Bear Hunt":

A wild-bear chace, didst never see?
Then hast thou lived in vain—
Thy richest bump of glorious glee,
Lies desert in thy brain.

When first my father settled here,
'Twas then the frontier line:
The panther's scream, filled night with fear
And bears preyed on the swine—

But woe for Bruin's short lived fun,
When rose the squealing cry;
Now man and horse, with dog and gun,
For vengeance, at him fly—

A sound of danger strikes his ear,
He gives the breeze a snuff;
Away he hounds, with little fear,
And seeks the tangled rough.

On press his foes, and reach the ground,
Where's left his half munched meal;
The dogs, in circles, scent around,
And find this fresh made trail—

With instant cry away they dash,
And men as fast pursue;
O'er logs they leap, through water splash,
And shout the brisk halloo—

Now to elude the eager pack,
Bear shuns the open ground;
Through matted vines, he shapes his track
And runs it, round and round—

The tall fleet cur, with deep-mouthed voice,
Now speeds him, as the wind;
While half-grown pup, and short-legged fice,
Are yelping far behind.

And fresh recruits are dropping in
To join the merry corps;
With yelp and yell—a mingled din—
The woods are in a roar—

And round, and round the chase now goes,
The world's alive with fun;
Nick Carters' horse his rider throws,
And Mose Hill drops his gun—

Now sorely pressed, bear glances back,
And lolls his tired tongue
When is, to force him from his track,
An ambush on him sprung—

Across the glade he sweeps for flight,
And fully is in view—
The dogs, new-fired, by the sight,
Their cry, and speed, renew—

The foremost ones, now reach his rear,
He turns, they dash away;
And circling now, the wrathful bear,
They have him full at bay—

At top of speed, the horsemen come,
All screaming in a row—
"Whoop! Take him Tiger—Seize him Drum!"
Bang-bang—the rides go—

And furious now, the dogs he tears,
And crushes in his ire—
Wheels right and left, and upward rears,
With eyes of burning fire—

But leaden death is at his heart,
Vain all the strength he plies.
And, spouting blood, from every part,
He reels, and sinks, and dies—

And now a dinsome clamor rose,
'Bout who should have his skin;
Who first draws blood, each hunter knows,
This prize must always win—

But who did this, and how to trace
What's true from what's a lie.
Like lawyers, in a murder case
They stoutly argufy.

Aforesaid fice, of blustering mood,
Behind, and quite forgot.
Just now emerging from the wood,
Arrives upon the spot—

With grinning teeth, and up-turned hair—
Brim full of spunk and wrath.
He growls, and seizes on dead bear,
And shakes for life and death—

And swells as if his skin would tear,
And growls and shakes again;
And swears, as plain as dog can swear,
That he has won the skin—

Conceted whelp! we laugh at thee—
Nor mind, that not a few
Of pompous, two-legged dogs there be
Conceted quite as you.

Editor's Note—This number of Lincoln Lore contains the third of a series of autobiographical sketches compiled from the writings of Abraham Lincoln which will appear from time to time in this bulletin. Every word used is just as Lincoln wrote it with the exception of substituting the first person for the third person as used by Lincoln in the sketch he prepared for John L. Scripps in 1859. L. A. W.



